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Wrestling REVUE

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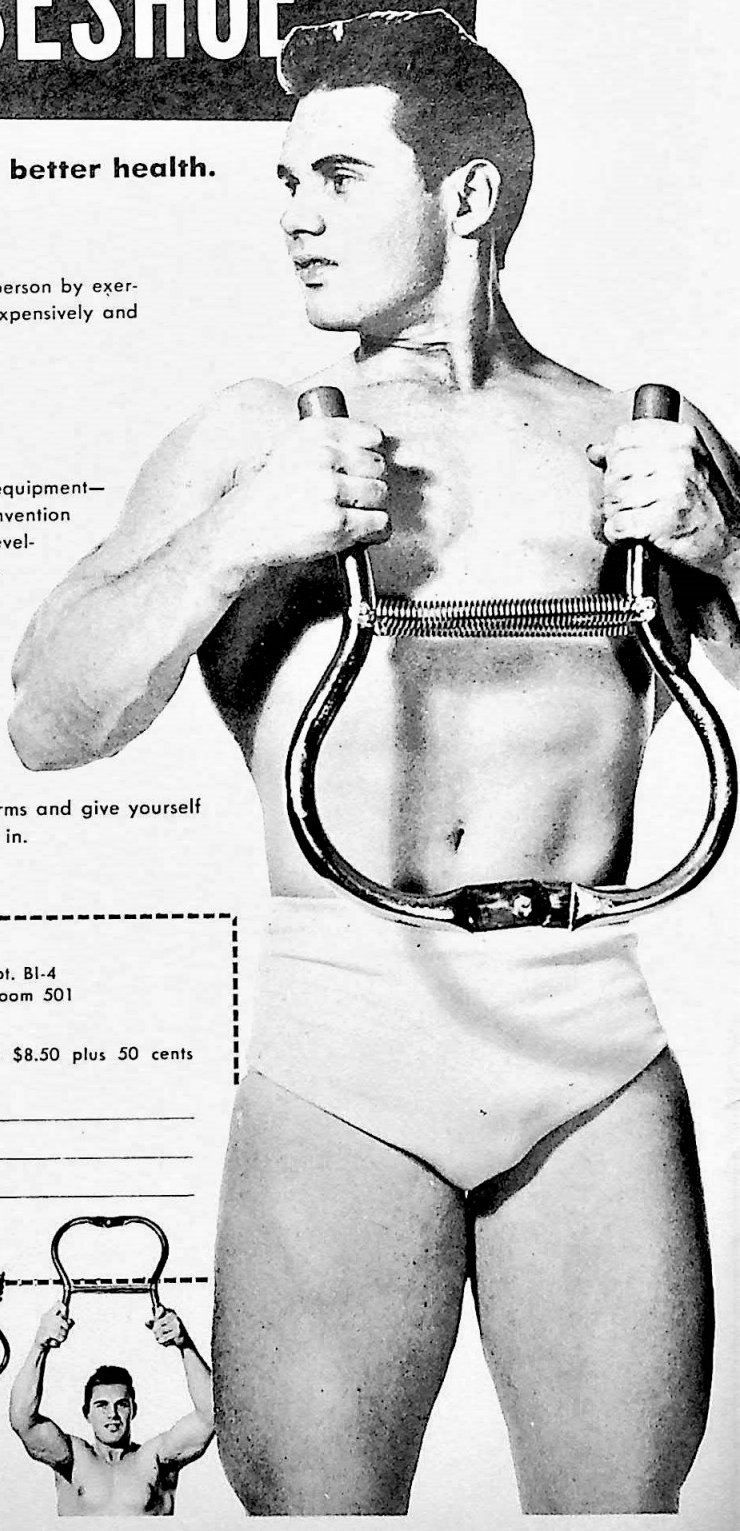

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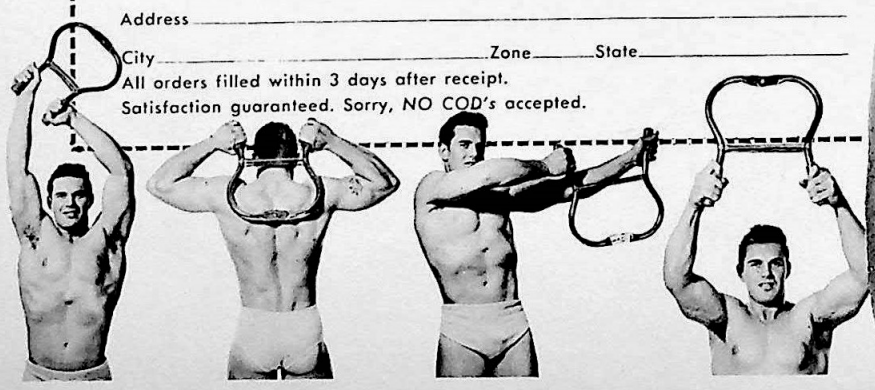

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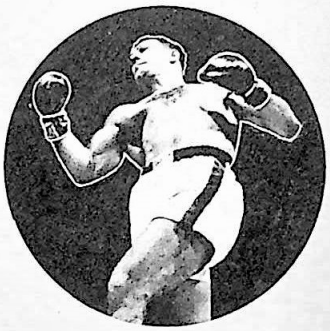

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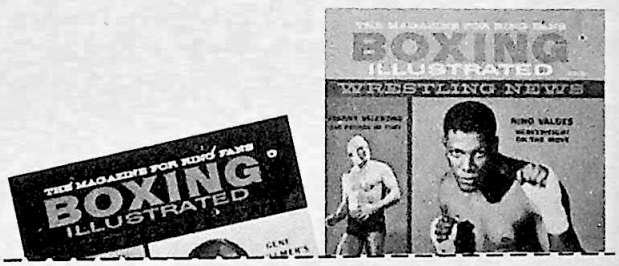

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VOL. 2, NO. 2 SPRING, 1961

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

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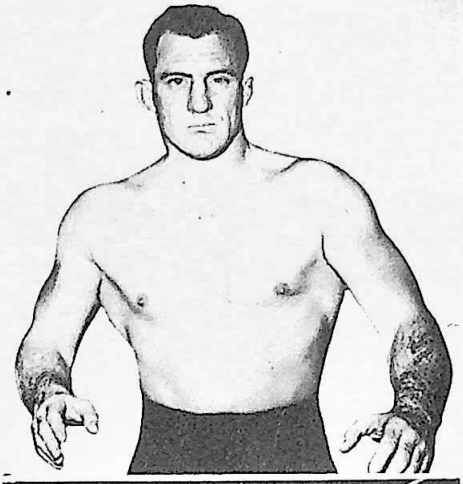

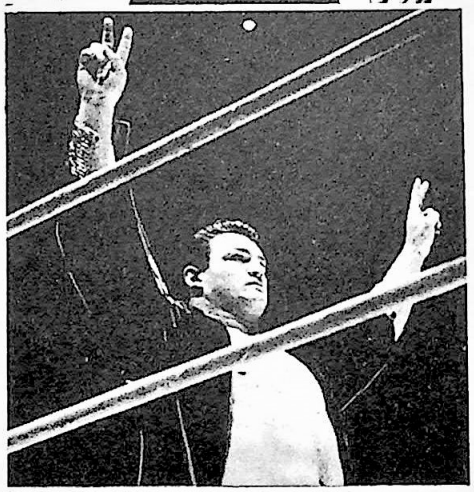

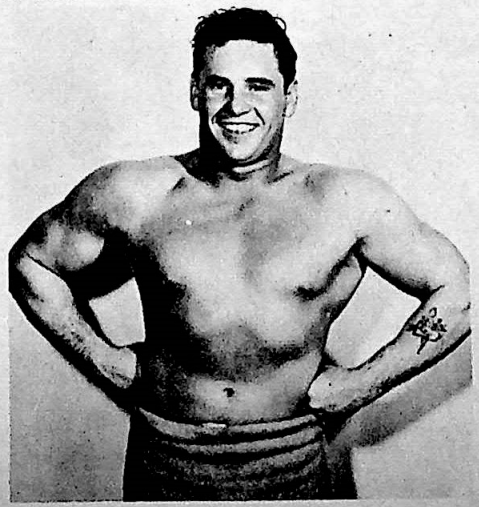

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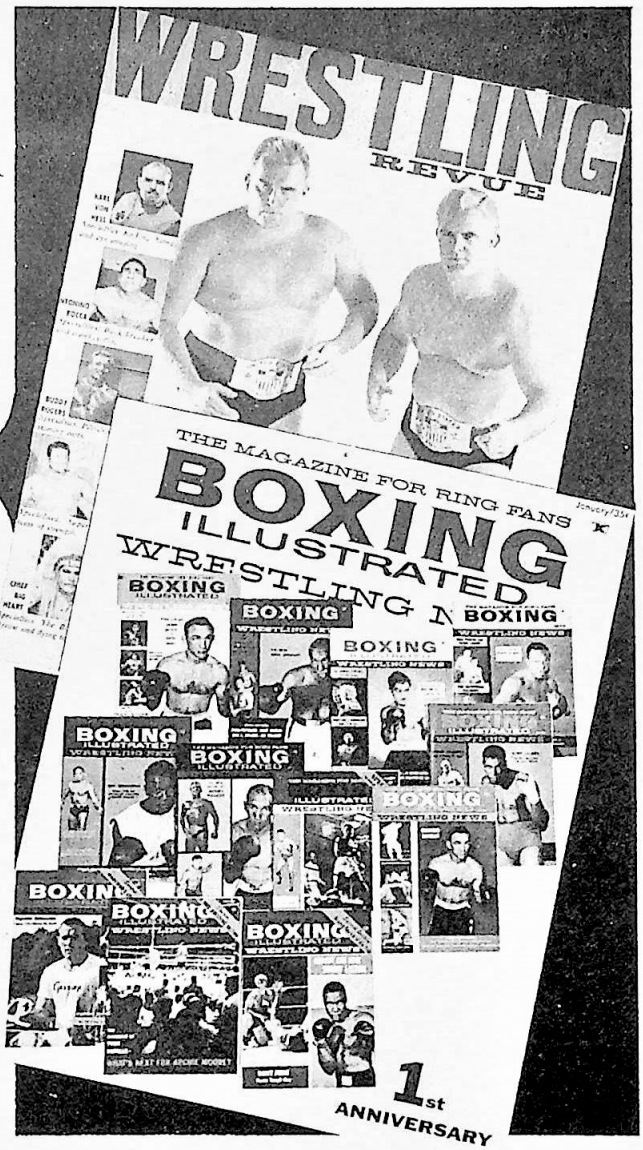

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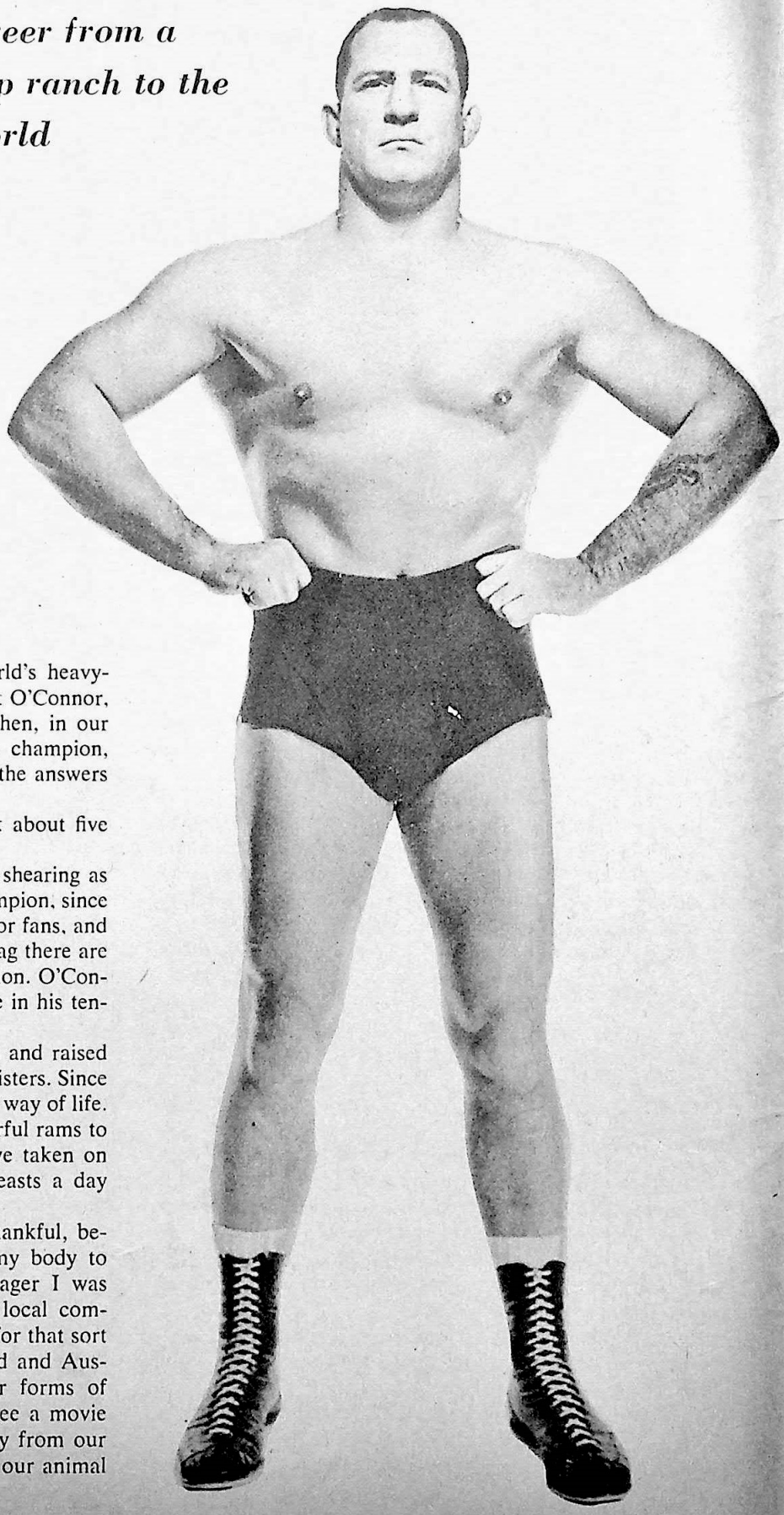
The heavyweight champion of the world traces his spectacular career from a lonely New Zealand sheep ranch to the glamor capitals of the world

INSIDE PAT O'CONNOR

By Gordon McLean



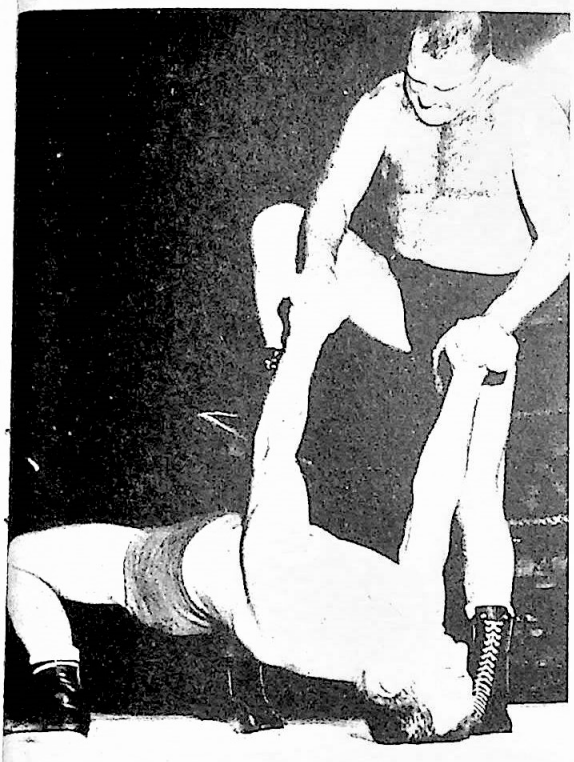
WHAT DOES IT TAKE to make a world's heavyweight wrestling champion? In the case of Pat O'Connor, it takes many things you'd never suspect. When, in our most recent interview with the very likeable champion, we asked him the question, here are some of the answers he gave:

"First of all, in my particular case, it took about five hard years of shearing sheep."

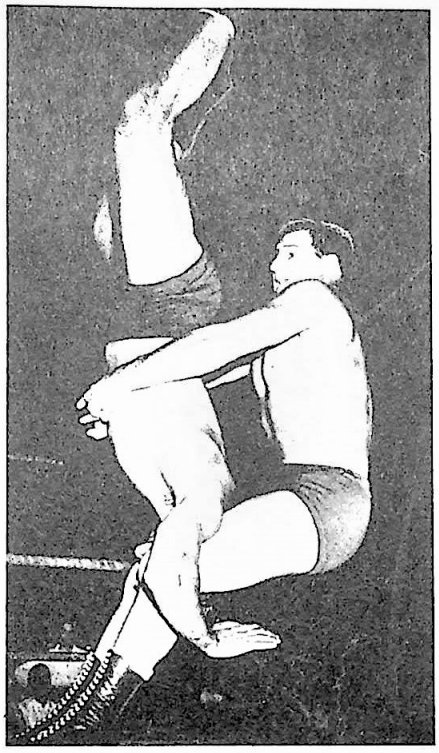
We weren't surprised when Pat gave sheep shearing as one of the qualifications for making him a champion, since we already knew all about it; but new O'Connor fans, and judging from WRESTLING REVUE's mail bag there are a considerable number, may need an explanation. O'Connor, looking better physically than ever before in his ten-year career, continued:

"I'm from New Zealand, where I was born and raised on a big ranch together with my brothers and sisters. Since it was a sheep ranch, the sheep determined our way of life. One of my many jobs was to wrestle the powerful rams to the ground and then fleece them. After you've taken on several dozen of those twisting, squirming beasts a day you feel pretty well fleeced yourself.

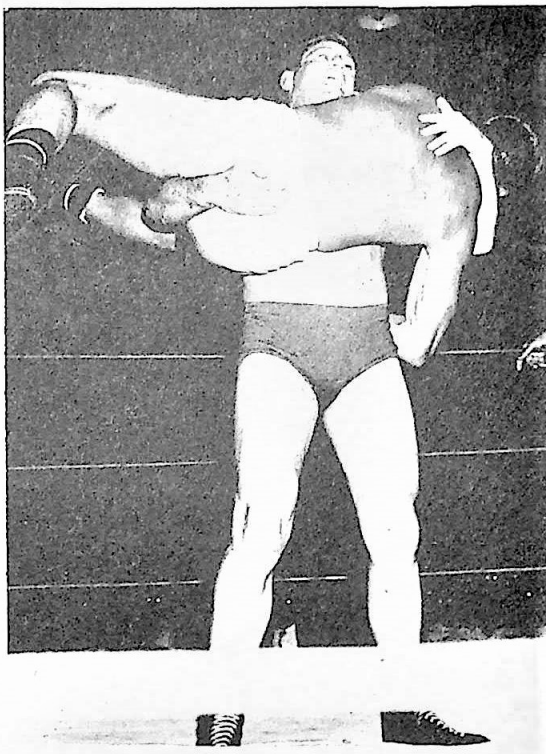
"But I can't complain. In fact, I'm very thankful, because that kind of rugged work developed my body to truly amazing proportions. As a young teenager I was already able to out-wrestle any man in our local community, then in our entire province. We go in for that sort of impromptu wrestling down in New Zealand and Australia because there are practically no other forms of diversion for growing young men. Going to see a movie show in Wellington was a whole day's journey from our ranch. As a result we were forced to take out our animal



Mike Sharpe attempts to break O'Connor's bridge by stamping down on his chest.



With perfect coordination of his entire body, Pat crashes Ben Sharpe into mat.



O'Connor prepares to body slam the very capable Sonny Myers during 1959 bout.

spirits by wrestling each other, or hiking through the rugged New Zealand hills."

That brings up another necessary attribute for a wrestling champion. "He must," smiled O'Connor, as he poured us a glass of slightly spiked fruit punch, "be able to hunt down, kill and then carry a 150-pound deer five miles across open country." The 230-pound muscleman looked across the room at his attractive wife, who nodded in agreement. "You've mentioned that many times before," she said, "and I know hunting keeps you in excellent physical condition here in the States, too."

We were sitting in the O'Connor's comfortable home in fashionable Glenview, a Chicago suburb. Pat's one-time threat to cut out and wed a New Zealand girl was stymied when he met a little Chicago girl about four years ago while on a cross-country tour. Her name was Remember — and after Pat left for other parts of the country he couldn't forget Remember. The memory of her stuck in his mind so strongly that, next time he hit Chicago, he hit her with a marriage proposal. Since she had been waiting for him to do just that, the rest was a matter of routine. They married, built their magnificent Glenview home and, as of now, have a lovely three-year-old daughter, Carly Alyson, along with a good deal of the material things of life that make for superficial happiness, the kind of happiness that meets the eye.

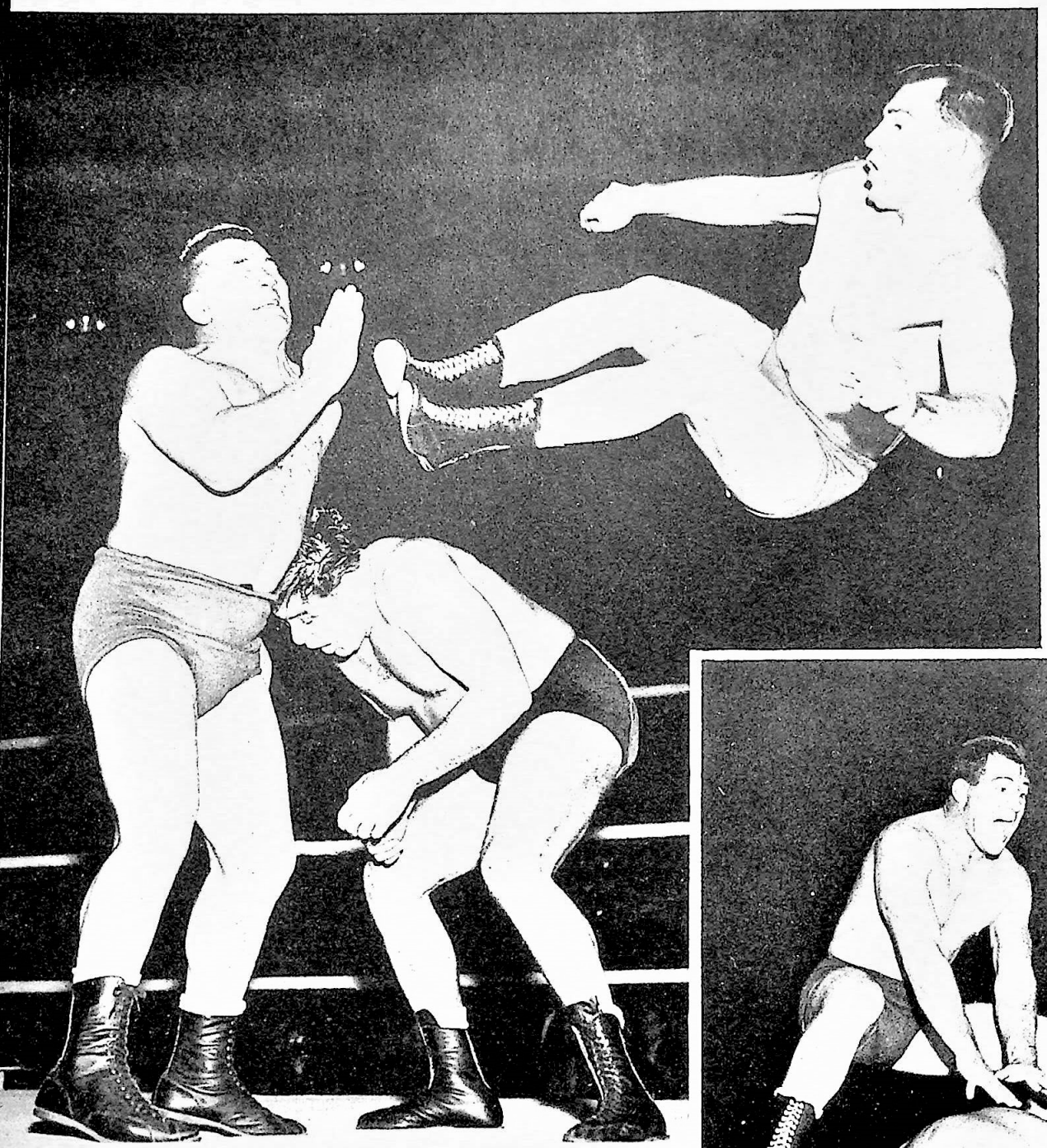
But there is a far deeper happiness present in the O'Connor household. The casual visitor notices it quickly, and once he gets to know the family, he understands why Pat says, with profound meaning, "That's the main requirement of my being champion."

This was something new on even us. We knew about Pat's beginning in the Wellington, New Zealand Y.M.C.A., where he was discovered by wrestling scout Anton Koolman, who sent him to big time mat promoter Tony Stecher in Minneapolis for possible introduction into the professional ranks. We knew of O'Connor's immediate success in the U.S. and how the handsome New Zealander with the Adonis-like physique battled his way up through the ranks until that historic night of January 9, 1959, in St. Louis' big Kiel Auditorium when he defeated Dick Hutton in a little more than fifteen minutes to win the world's championship.

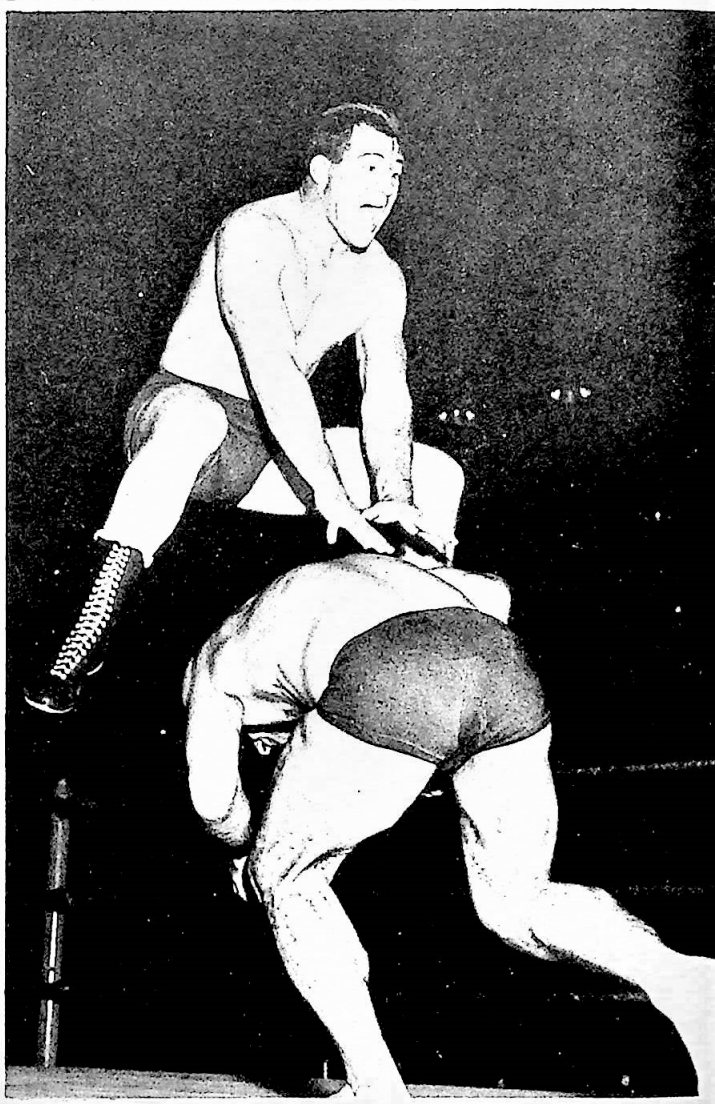
Yes, we knew all that already; but what about this happiness stuff, the "main requirement of being champion?" O'Connor explained:

"You see, even though a man may have all the skill in the world," he began, carefully choosing his words, "and all the courage and determination, he may get to a certain point and then stop, suddenly, without apparent reason. A pair of former champions I can recall are the best examples — Danno O'Mahoney and Gus Sonnenberg. Both were fine wrestlers who went all the way to the top. The world seemed to be their oyster. Then, unexplainably, they stopped cold and slid down to the bottom. Why? I could be wrong, but I think they lost, or never had, the inner peace that comes from true happiness. Me — I've got it, and that's why I won the title and held on to it for two years. It is also the reason I am going to stay right on top for a long time to come."

It was quite a mouthful, coming from a wrestler. Words with such depth can be expected from a Rhodes Scholar or a prize-winning author, but from a grunt and groaner well, it was quite astonishing. "Please continue," we



Ernie Dusek is about to get a face full of Pat's feet while O'Connor's partner, Yvon Robert, center, ducks for cover.

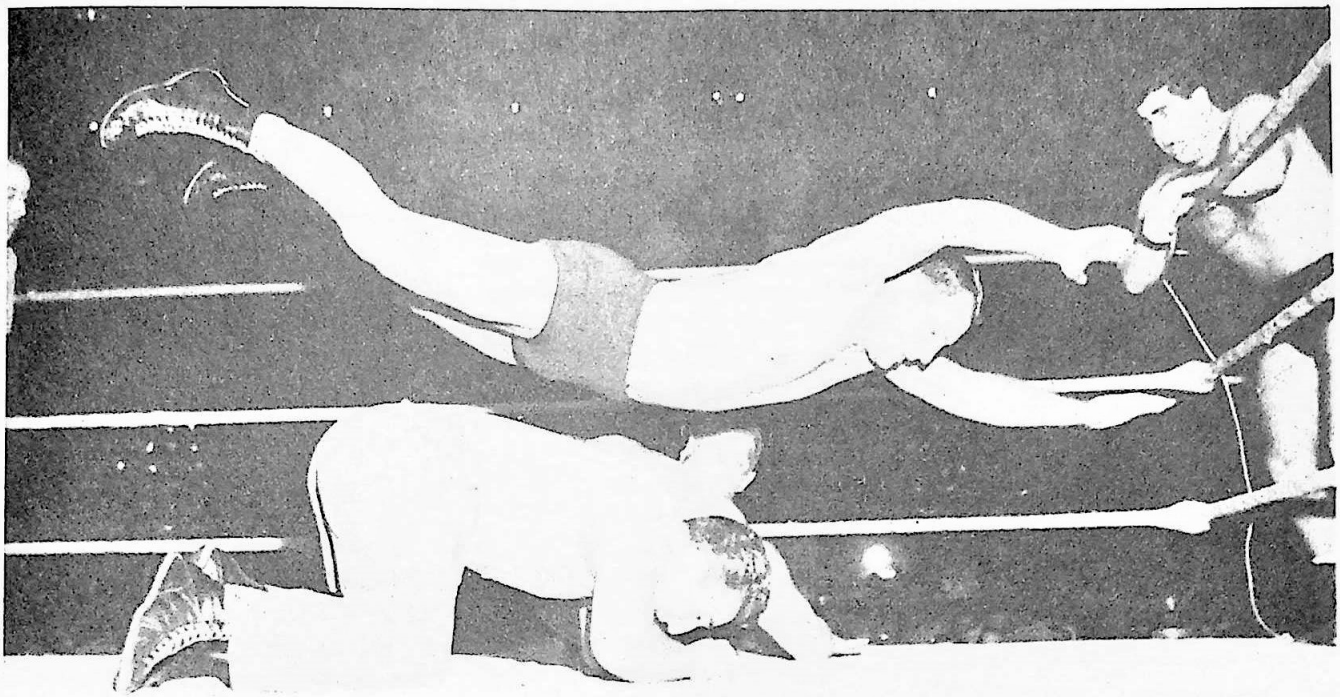


Pat leaps over the surging Antonino Rocca. They have wrestled each other several times with the victories equally divided.

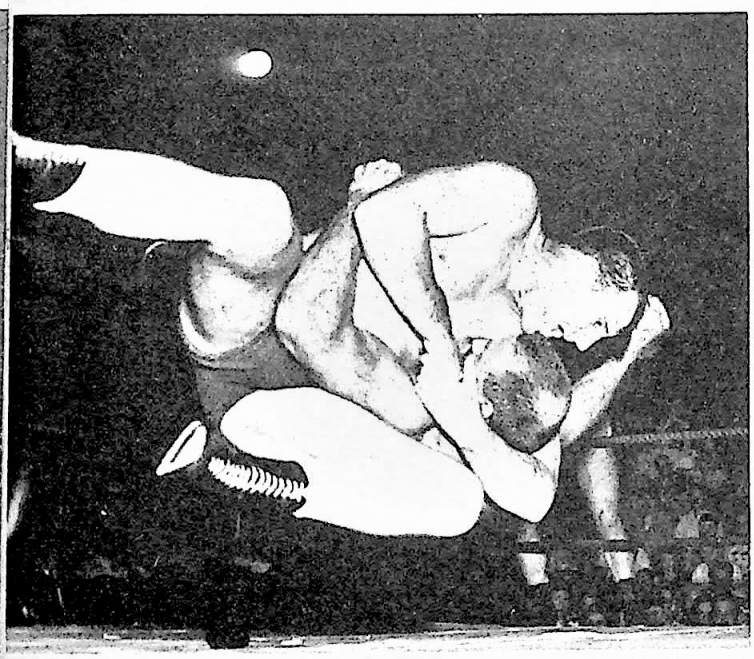
begged.

"Well," said the champion, a serious look on his face, "when you're in that ring night after night, facing injury, mutilation and even death, you've got to adjust yourself and your basic philosophy accordingly. If you allow matches with such dangerous foes as Kowalski, The Bruiser, Gene Kiniski, and that type, upset you, you'll never be able to relax. And relaxation is the key to success."

O'Connor gestured across the room toward his wife, Remember, who was watching him fondly. "It is because I have the perfect home life that I am able to relax completely. As a result, I have no jittery nerves and I can assure you I'll never get an ulcer."



O'Connor glides gracefully over referee and Dick the Bruiser, rear, while Pat's tag team partner, Bobby Managoff, watches.



The skill and great body control of O'Connor is clearly illustrated in above photo as he uses flying headlock to bring big Mike Sharpe down to the mat and defeat.

What he said sounded reasonable, even though it might not apply to other wrestlers. We know, for example, a number of other top name stars whose home life, although far from being blissful, seems to have no bearing on their success in the ring. As some sage once remarked, "It takes all kinds to make the wonderful world of professional wrestling."

One of the best kinds is Pat O'Connor, champion of the world for the past two years and in an excellent position to remain champion for many years to come. As we said in a previous article about this wonderful young man from far off New Zealand, "Wrestling needs all the Pat O'Connors it can possibly get." And that still goes! • *end*

Johnny Rougeau, white shirt, who acted as O'Connor's second for bout with Killer Kowalski, raises Pat's hand after he pinned Killer with a body press. O'Connor's championship belt dangles from Rougeau's left hand.

READERS PROS AND CONS

ROGERS AND CARPENTIER

NO COMPARISON

Sirs:

I have read just about every wrestling magazine published since 1932, but WRESTLING REVUE is so far superior both in its word and picture coverage that there is no comparison.

In your Winter/61 issue I saw the ultimate in wrestling reportage; your fascinating story of the Buddy Rogers-Edouard Carpentier feud, which, in my opinion, rates with the best sports stories of all time.

I have but one complaint with WRESTLING REVUE: Like our Alaskan sun, it doesn't come out often enough.

DAVID FEINSTER

Anchorage, Alaska

DANNY McSHANE AND FAMILY

A WASTE OF SPACE

Sirs:

After carefully reading the Winter/61 issue of WRESTLING REVUE I have listed the more important articles in the order of their merit.

1. Don Curtis-Mark Lewin Interview: An interesting and very penetrating insight into two fine young athletes.
2. Tito Carreon: At long last a most deserving wrestler gets the credit he deserves.
3. Danny McShane: Heart-warming, humorous, touching and oh, so surprising.
4. Rogers-Carpentier Feud: Superb reporting of an important event.
5. Murder Incorporated: For a two-page feature, this is one of the most hilarious pieces of writing ever to appear in any magazine. The portraits of Skull Murphy and Karl Von Hess were as good as anything the great Karsh of Ottawa ever did.
6. Sweet Daddy Siki: This was a ridiculous fantasy and a waste of valuable space. An untalented tumbler like Siki doesn't belong in a wrestling ring.

A. R. GOODRICH

Mobile, Alabama

SWEET DADDY SIKI

LIFELONG FAN

Sirs:

Orchids for the Winter/61 W.R. with special praise for author Hal Hennesey for his excellent Sweet Daddy Siki story. Although I've never seen Sweet Daddy in person, I'm a lifelong fan of his. I can still hear the wailing of his saxophone. Man!"

HARRISON GORMAN

Inwood, New York

MARK LEWIN AND DON CURTIS

PUT IT ON TAPE

Sirs:

Let's have more of those taped-interviews (Curtis-Lewin, Winter/61). No matter how clever a writer is, he can't possibly get the depth and sincerity that comes from a direct taped interview where the subject does the talking.

I'll bet that if you taped interviews with such tough guys as Killer Kowalski, Don Leo Jonathan and the Kangaroos you'd discover that all are basically insecure and frightened men.

Speaking of the Kangaroos, your double-page color spread of them was sensational.

MILT MCNEIL

Salem, Mass.

NOT FAIR

Sirs:

Although I appreciate your effort to cover wrestling in Michigan (Fall/60), I don't think you did a very good job. When you went to Texas (Winter/60) your reporters spent three weeks in the state. But your boys stayed in Michigan only one day. I don't think you were fair to our great state. Come on back and do the job properly!

AL ZUPKE

Kalamazoo, Mich.

• Many weeks of careful research and interviewing went into both the Texas and Michigan coverage. Although W.R.'s Publisher and Editorial Director did spend considerably more time in Texas than in Michigan, our reporters and photographers spent equal time in both states—ED.

NOT FAIR AGAIN

Sirs:

Although you undoubtedly receive hundreds of letters praising W.R.'s excellent stories and pictures, I protest your ratings as grossly unfair. You always seem to have the same ten men listed in every issue. Aren't there any other wrestlers worth rating? Or are you just prejudiced?

MARY HARDIN

Tulsa, Okla.

• Okay, let's have a look at the Ratings. First, as we clearly say on the Ratings page: "A poll of leading promoters, newsmen and the wrestlers themselves guided us in compiling these ratings." If you go back only six months, to the Summer/60 issue, you'll see only five male wrestlers who remained in the Top Ten in the Fall and Winter/60 issues: Pat O'Connor, Buddy Rogers, Antonino Rocca, Edouard Carpentier and Killer Kowalski. Let's face it — these five giants of the wrestling world are among the best of the decade and it is inevitable that they appear on any "Best 10" listing from one year to the next. Also rated in the top ten, Summer/60, were Ray Gunkle, Dick Hutton, Fred Blassie, Billy Varga and Ramon Torres. Four of them were omitted from the Winter/61 ratings, and when the last issue (Spring/61) went to press, absent from the ratings were four from the preceding issue.

Since there are fewer girl wrestlers and tag teams in action, the shifts there are not so noticeable. But even so, from one issue to the next, the Bastien Brothers fell from first to eighth place, while the Kangaroos shot up from fifth to first—and from out of nowhere have come the sensational new team of Sweet Daddy Siki and Bearcat Wright to rise above such favorites as The Shire Brothers, The Kalmikoffs, The Sharpes and The Bastiens. Did we decide they belonged there? No—you, the fans, by paying to see them in action, decided the issue. When these facts are communicated to us by the promoters, who count the take and register the applause, we rate the wrestlers accordingly—ED.

SEXUAL ASPECTS

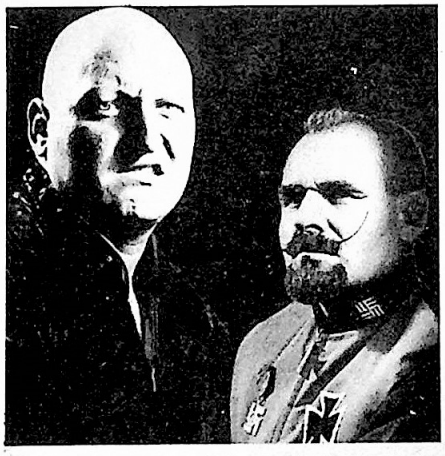
Sirs:

Your pictures in W.R. are probably the best published anywhere, from a technical standpoint. But I must protest the inclusion of such pictures as that of Princess Tona Tomah kicking Penny Banner on the jaw (Winter/61). This is in very poor taste, I think, and should not be published in any magazine which teenagers are likely to see. This is not the only example I could name; you seem to be more interested in the sexual aspects of wrestling than in the skill and science. I will have to cancel my subscription if more of this tasteless photography appears.

(MRS.) BETTY ALMERS

Bangor, Me.

• Sorry, but we think the picture refered to is a dramatic and accurate example of the kind of action seen in such bouts—at which teenagers are admitted, and see such sights in the flesh time and again. We doubt that it bothers their morals. As Shakespeare said, "Nothing is bad or good, but *thinking* makes it so"—ED.



SKULL MURPHY AND KARL VON HESS

CHANGE OF HEART

Sirs:

This is the first time I have ever written a letter to any magazine. I am doing so now only because this is the first time I have ever seen anything worth writing about. I'm talking about the Winter/61 issue of WRESTLING REVUE. First you must know that I am not a wrestling fan, as such. I wrestled in college and I have studied the history of wrestling from Milo of Crotona on up to Frank Gotch. After that, I have always thought, the wrestling picture has grown pretty disgusting. I went to my first "live" match only last week. It was during the show that I bought a copy of WRESTLING REVUE. As a graduate of Cornell, and a reader of such magazines as the *Atlantic, Harpers* and *Saturday Review*, I felt almost ashamed of carrying a copy of a wrestling magazine.

As of now, all of that is changed! I read W.R. through from cover to cover. I was absolutely amazed at the quality of reportage and illustrations, as well as the general layout, of what I had considered a "lowbrow" magazine! In articles like those about Sweet Daddy Siki and Danny McShane, the writing reaches almost lyrical proportions, and the illustrations for the Von Hess-Skull Murphy Alliance are classical.

You may consider me henceforth a fan of wrestling and WRESTLING REVUE. Enclosed is my check for a subscription.

ARNOLD VAN GROOT

Ann Arbor, Michigan

REAL CHAMPION

Sirs:

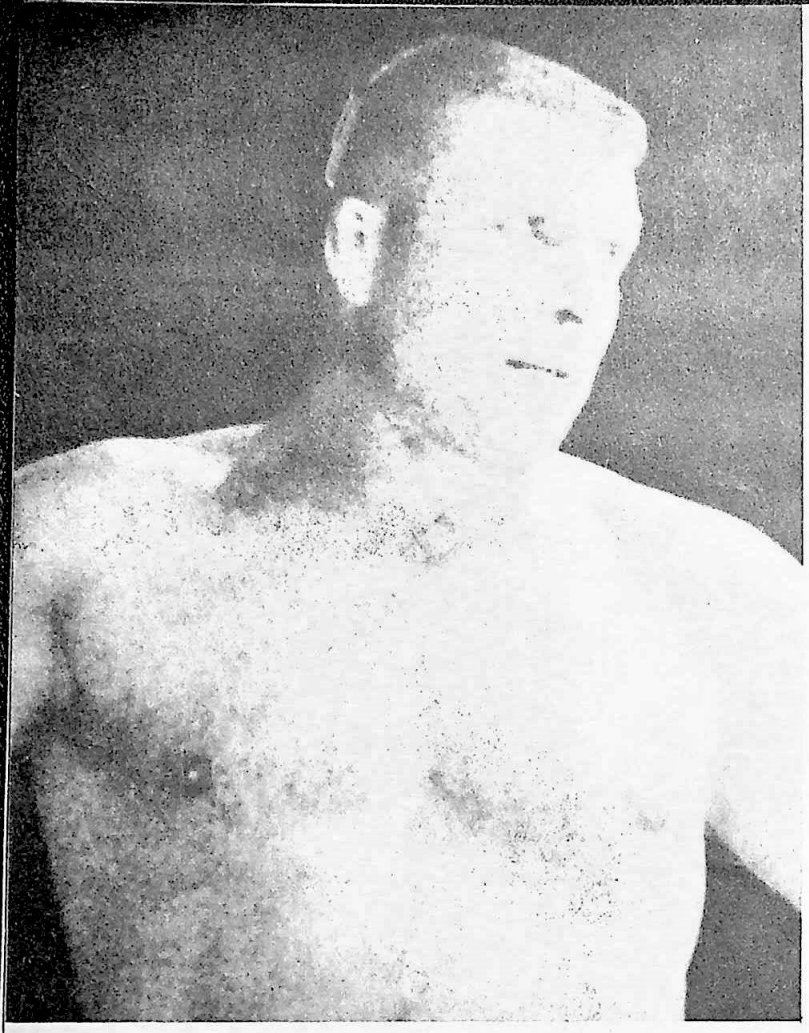
Wrestling has needed a champion for years—and it looks to me, after reading 5 issues, that the sport has found one in WRESTLING REVUE. You champion the cause of wrestling the way the *Wall Street Journal* champions the cause of private enterprise, the way *Fortune* champions the cause of high finance, the way BOXING ILLUSTRATED champions the cause of boxing, and the way the *Hobo News* champions the cause of early retirement.

Keep it up.

FRED BLASSIE

Atlanta, Georgia

• We will—ED.



Wilbur Snyder, left, looks placidly across ring at the scowling Kiniski moments before bout began.

ST. LOUIS' GREETING TO GENE KINISKI — *jeers and clenched fists*

Pitted against clean-cut Wilbur Snyder in Kiel Auditorium, the savage Kiniski gave a demonstration of his ferocity that will long be remembered

"GENE KINISKI IS INSANE!

"I'm not a psychologist, but I'm sure Kiniski is suffering from some mental disturbance that causes him to derive great joy from inflicting pain on others. Maybe he isn't suffering himself, but his opponents and the fans are!" So spoke one mid-west fan who has been around since the glory days of Joe Stecher.

One night last fall, in St. Louis' historic Kiel Auditorium, the 275-pound

Photos by STANLEY WESTON

Kiniski gave a demonstration of his ferocity which, for pure savagery, pales anything perpetrated by such master bullies as Johnny Valentine, Hard-Boiled Haggerty and Dick the Bruiser.

Pitted against a decent guy named Wilbur Snyder, Kiniski attracted a whopping $18,000 through the Kiel turnstiles, grinned happily when told that more than 7,000 people who hated his guts with a vengeance were turned away for lack of seats. Up the street from the Auditorium famed comedian Shelly Berman, dragging on a cigarette between acts outside the night club in which he was appearing, watched the seething throng flowing toward the Kiel. "Man," quipped comic Berman, "I'm in the wrong business. Starting tomorrow, I'm taking up weight-lifting."

Kiniski's antics began in the dressing room as the Commission doctor examined him to see if he was fit to be in the ring. Our private opinion is that he isn't fit to be seen in the company of decent men; nevertheless, the doc told Gene, "You are the healthiest human being I've ever examined." When our photographer tried to take Kiniski's picture, the six-and-a-half-foot wrestler lunged at him, nearly yanking the stethoscope from the doctor's ears. "Try that again," said the courageous medico, "and I'll have you barred from this state for life!"

Kiniski didn't try it again. But he more than made up for it later. Next day, the St. Louis papers said, *"Kiniski disqualified for rough tactics."* But there was a lot more to the story than that. He nearly killed Wilbur Snyder, who had come to wrestle by the rules. Then, when the disqualification was announced, the fans began to berate Gene loudly and to the point — Kiniski's sore point.

Raging, he leaped down into the audience and, before being overpowered by police, slugged an innocent fan in the face. What will come of this is hard to say at the moment. Thus far, what has come out of it is the opinion expressed in the beginning:

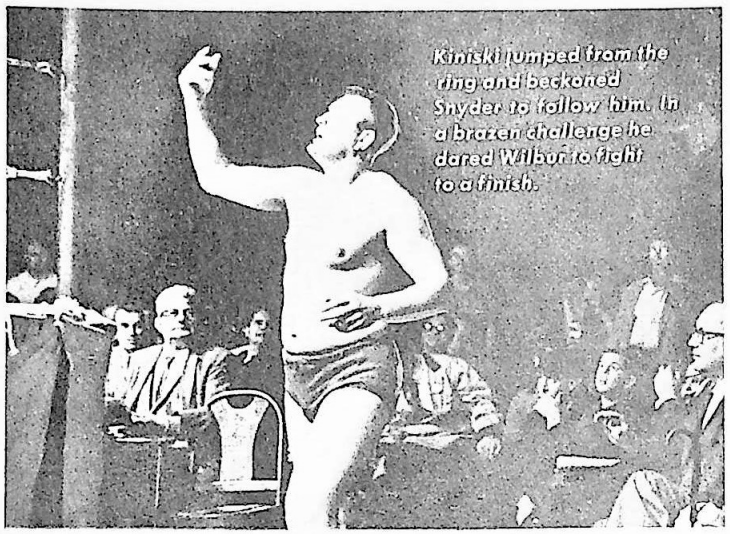
Kiniski is insane.

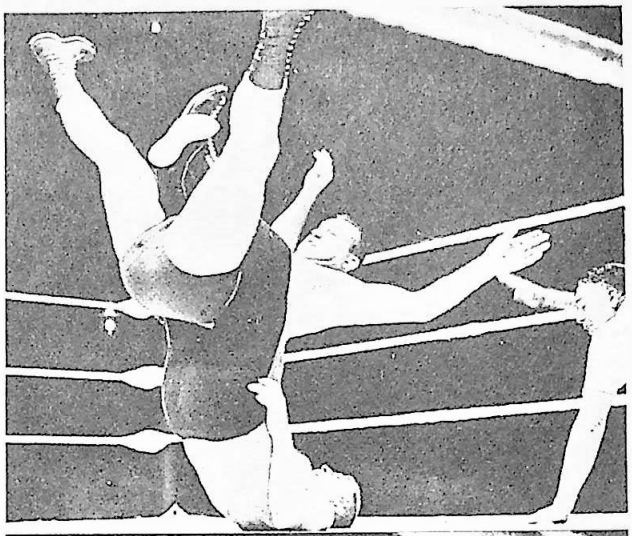
We can hardly wait to see him in the ring again.

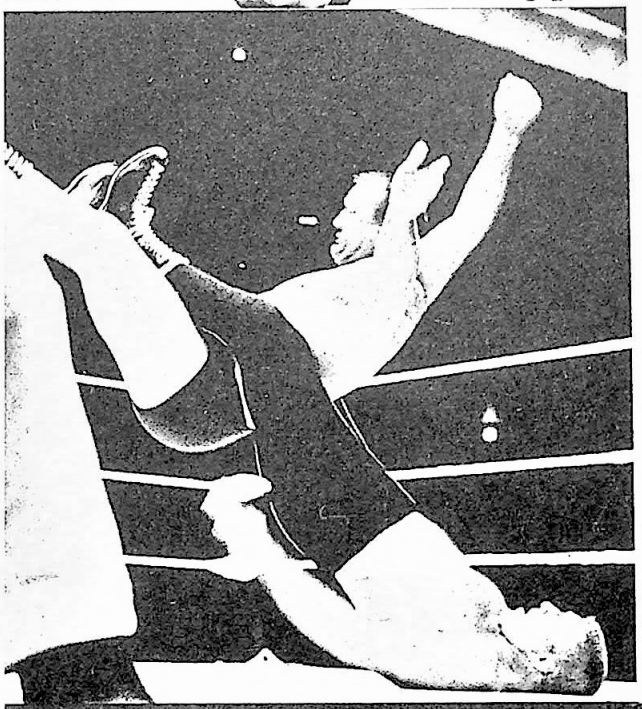
Kiniski is examined by commission doctor about an hour before he entered ring.

Please turn the page

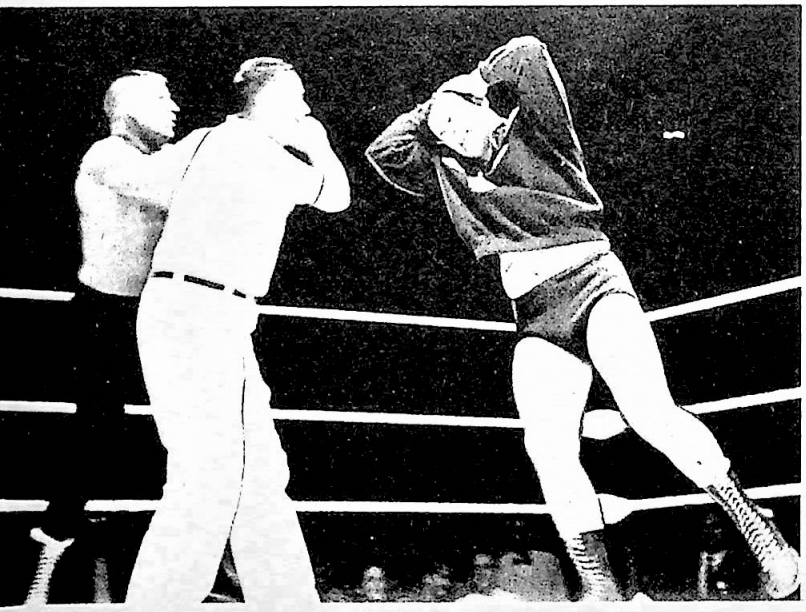
Kiniski ignores abusive cries and cat-calls of crowd as he moves quickly from dressing room out into huge arena and heads toward the ring.





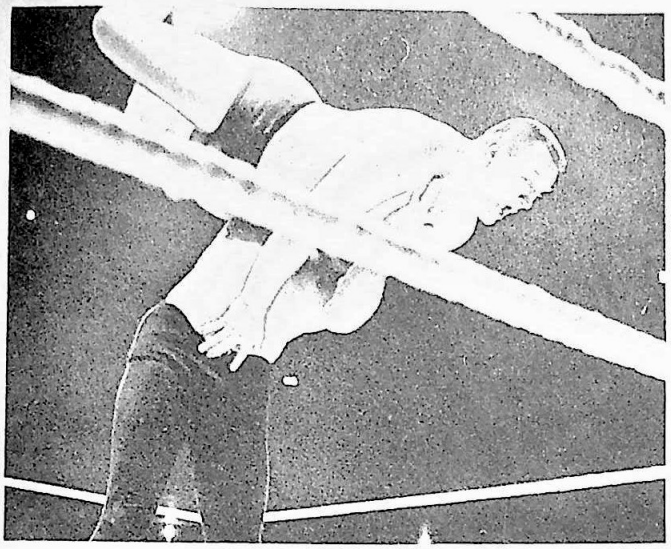


After challenging Snyder to a free-for-all, Kiniski lay down on the ring apron and offered to take on the entire audience.

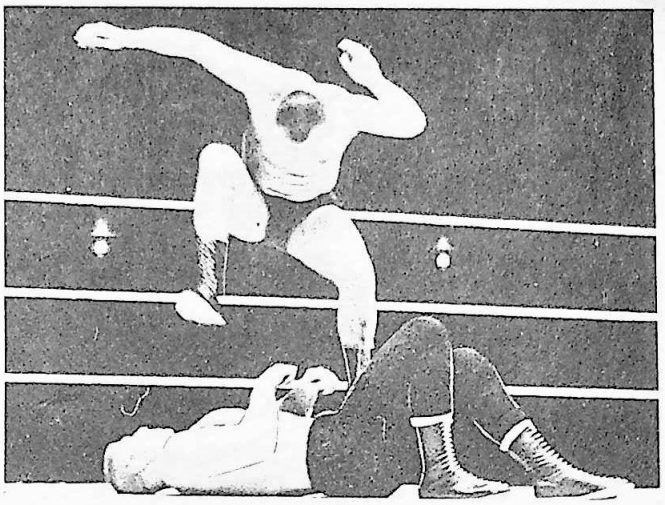


While the referee was giving them instructions, Kiniski, right, bolted toward Snyder. But Wilbur struck back with blow to head.

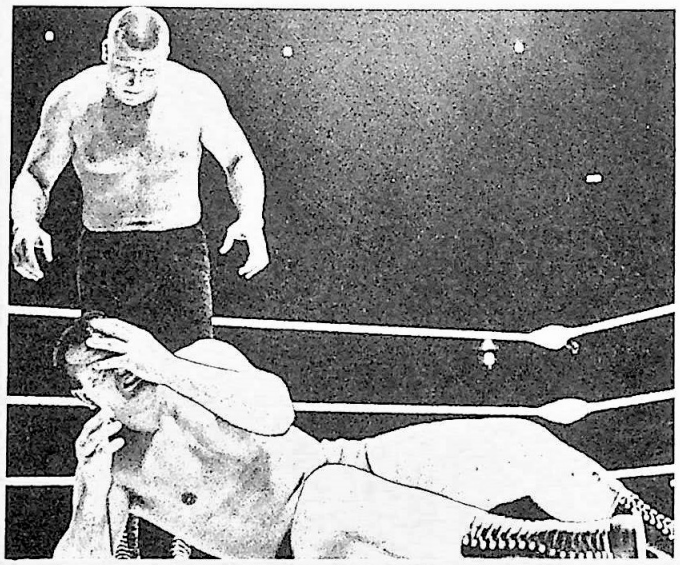
Kiniski is lifted into the air with leg scissors and . . . slammed back down on the floor with ring-shaking force . . . causing him to cry out in pain to the joy of the fans.



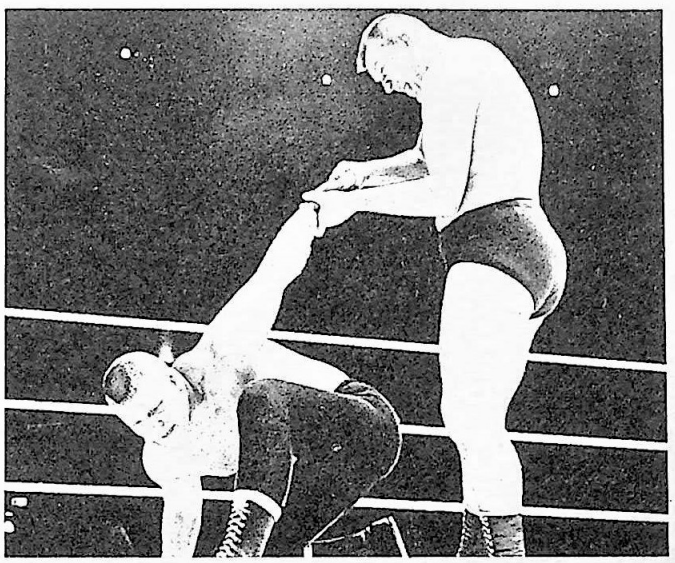
Look of fear freezes on Kiniski's face as Snyder, with a mighty heave, tosses the 250-pound giant out of ring.



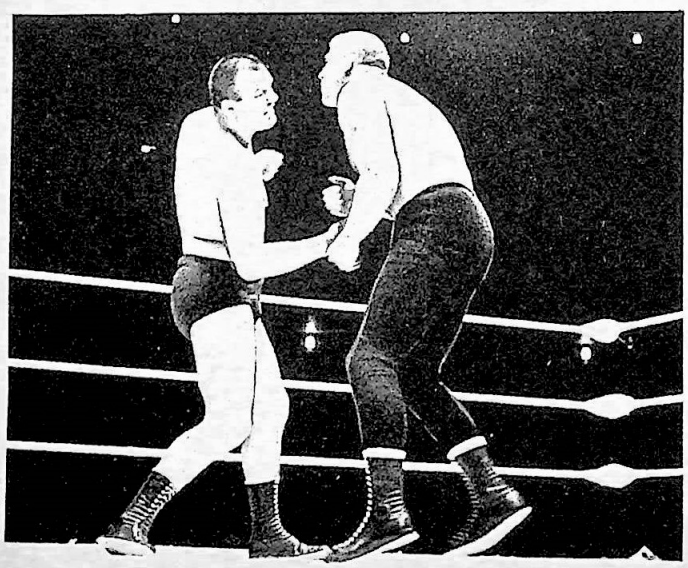
When Kiniski climbed back into the ring he dropped his foe with a right to the jaw then stomped on his face.



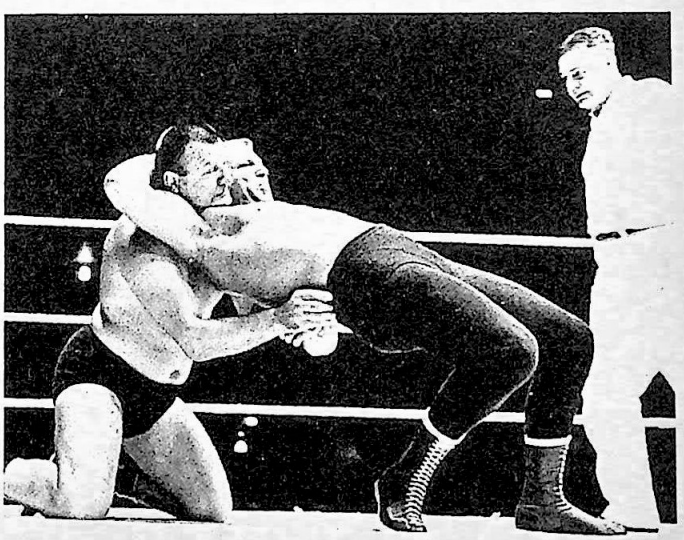
Giving Kiniski some of his own medicine, Snyder surged back with blows to the head, forcing Gene to defensive.



One of the few legitimate wrestling holds used in the entire bout was this wrist lock clamped on by Kiniski.

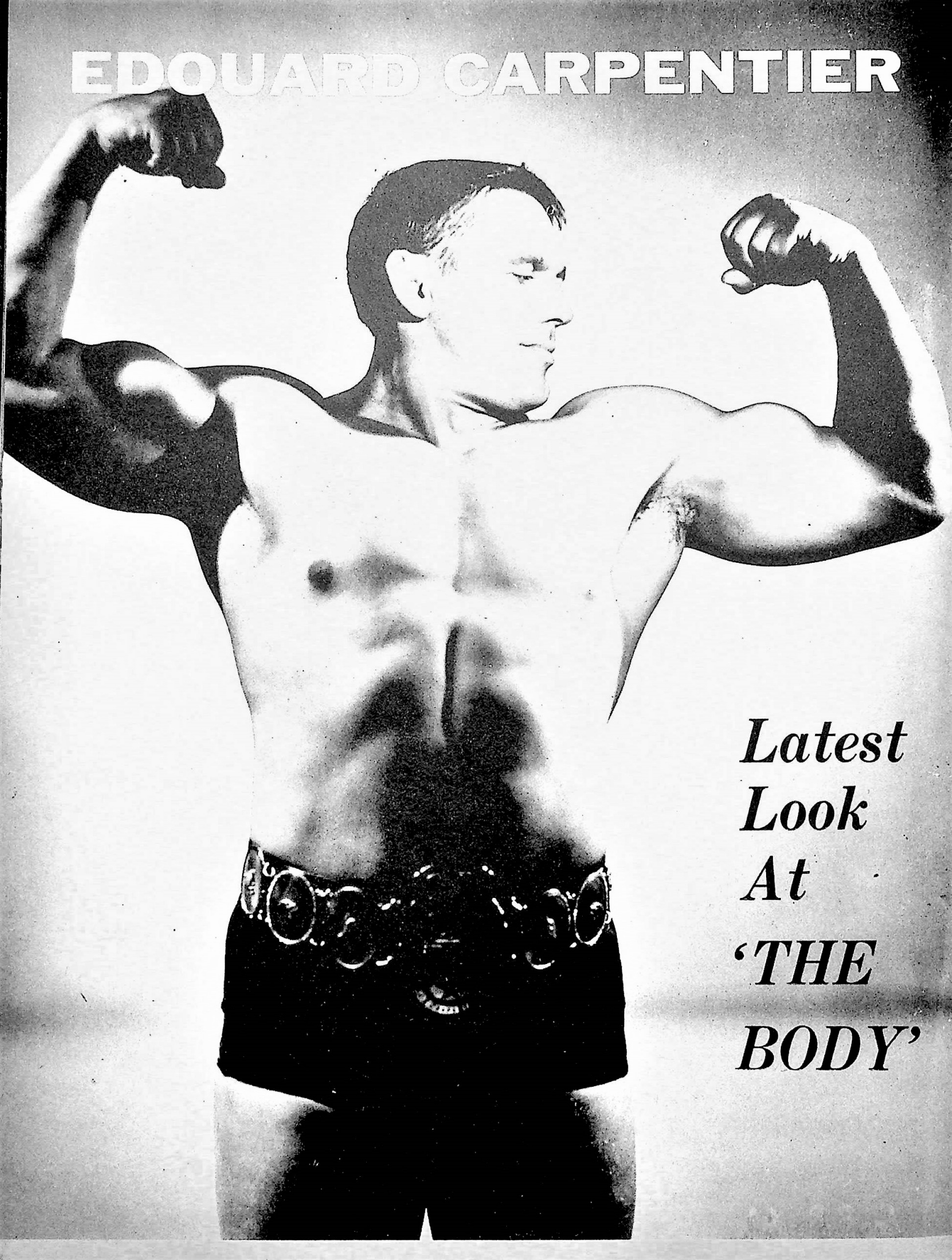


Snyder is lifted off the floor by this booming uppercut to the pit of the stomach. Blow left him gasping.

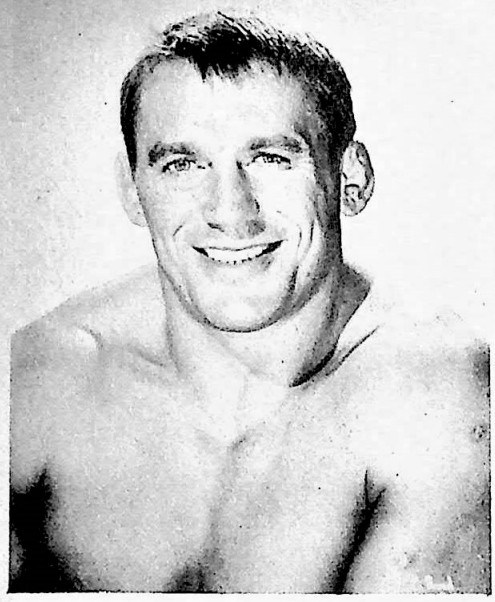


Moments before he was disqualified for "rough and unfair tactics," Kiniski held this hammerlock on Wilbur.

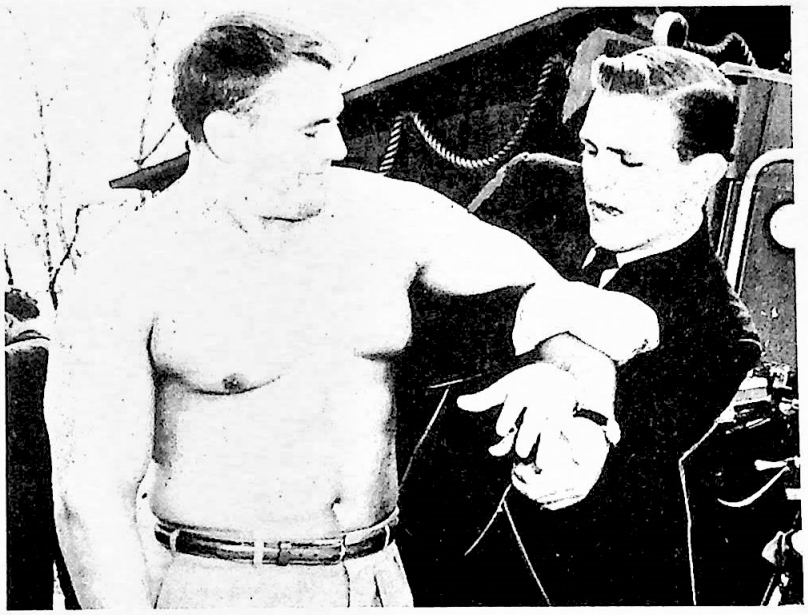
EDOUARD CARPENTIER



Latest Look At 'THE BODY'



Carpentier has classic Gallic features and a warm, friendly smile.



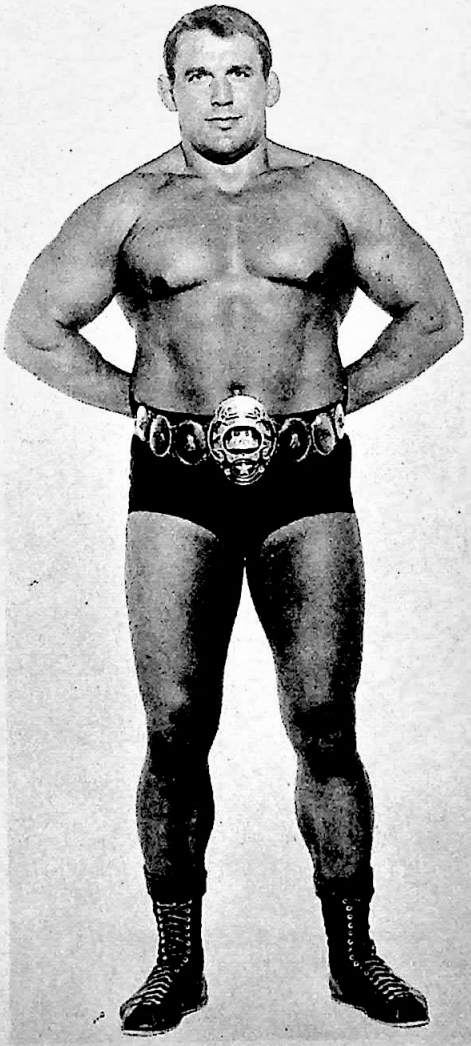
Television host Jack Linkletter finds it impossible to budge Carpentier's enormous arm. The wrestler appeared on Linkletter's show.

A LOVELY YOUNG LADY wrestling fan walked away from an arena in Los Angeles. Her ecstatic sighs were drowned amid the sounds of Freeway traffic, but a hawk-eared reporter heard this much: "I don't believe it. I saw him with my own eyes — but I don't believe that such a marvelous hunk of man can exist!"

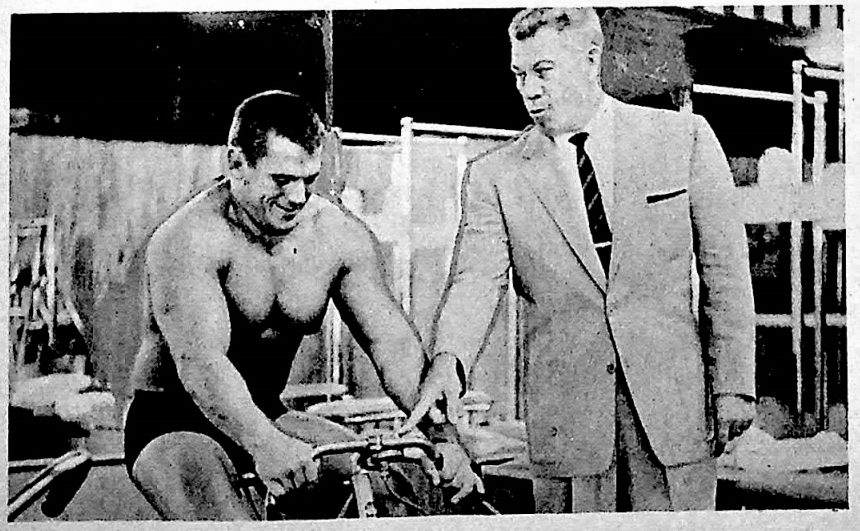
She was talking about Ed Carpentier, the leading contender for the World Heavyweight Wrestling Crown (and in some quarters, much more than merely a contender). Although not quite as dewey-eyed as the young lady in question, we feel pretty much the same way. We've seen Carpentier, Canada's darling and Paris' loss, many times — from ringside and socially. Still we marvel that such an impressive array of muscle and good looks could be assembled in one man.

Even more impressive than his fantastic body is Ed's wrestling skill. An acrobat and high flyer, Carpentier is a spectacle in himself each time he appears in the ring. He's pretty spectacular outside the ring also, as this "latest look" proves.

And as that lovely young lady said, "He's the only man I ever saw who can put on an exciting performance just standing still in his trunks."



Carpentier displays one of the world's most magnificently-developed physiques.



During his stay in California Carpentier worked out daily at gym of Bert Goodrich in Hollywood. Here he is shown how to use bike device.

The fierce face of arch-villain Karl Von Hess; the cold, staring eyes, thin lips and box-shaped head, are clues to his maniacal temperament.

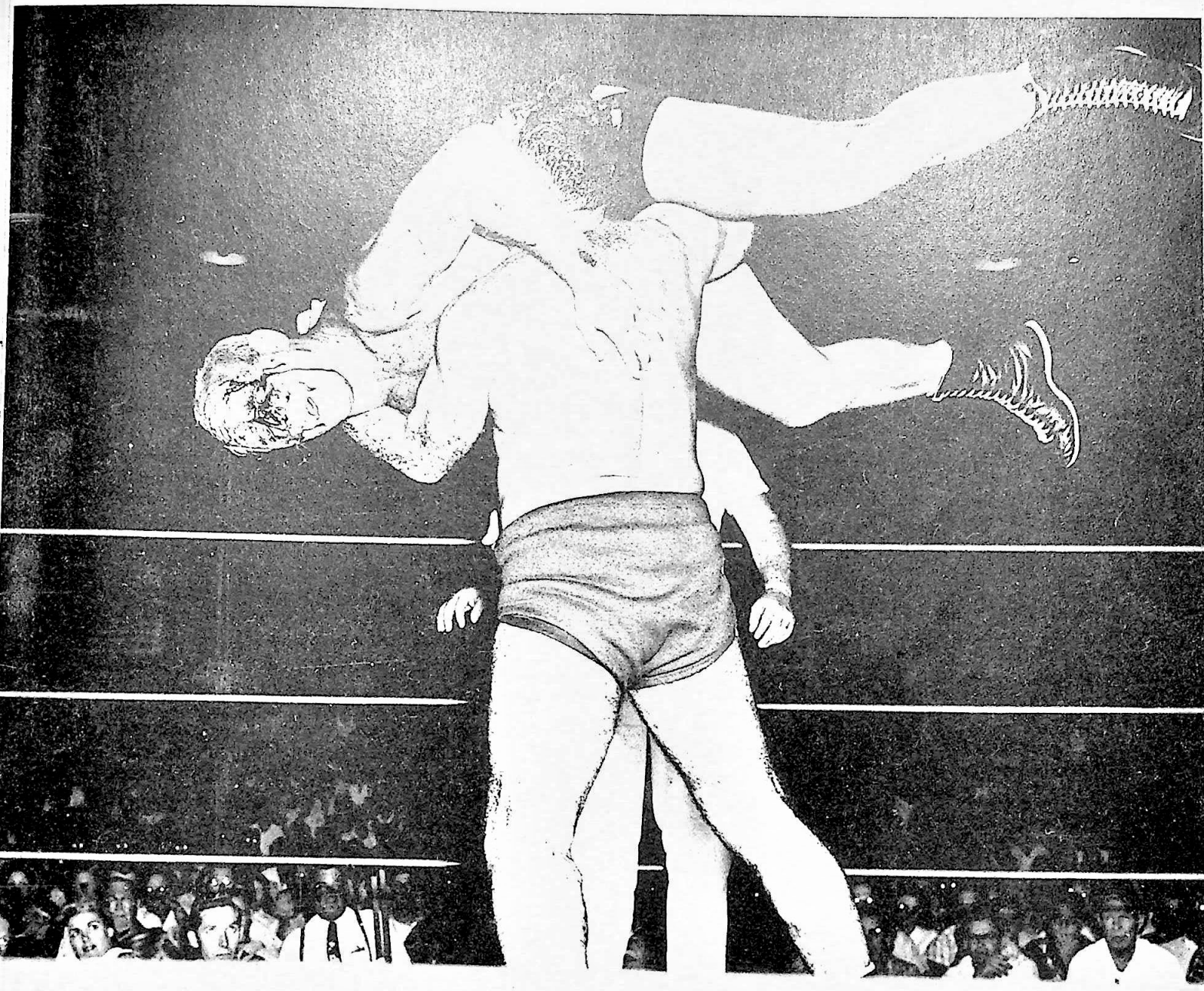
What Makes a Villain?

It is difficult for the average person to understand what drives a man to gouge out the eyes of another, or to attack an innocent by-stander. But there are reasons – sound medical reasons.

DICK "THE BRUISER" AFFILS, a 250-pound wrestler, stalked from the Minneapolis, Minn., ring, blood flowing from a deep gash in his forehead and curses flowing from his mouth. On the mat behind him he left a limp and quivering form that had been his opponent. The referee, crouched solicitously over the unconscious man, beckoned the house doctor. It looked like a typical Bruiser wrecking job—Affils, after his victim had been rendered unconscious, had brought him around again, then brutally stamped on his unprotected throat with a size 12 shoe. The poor man's larynx might well be burst, or his trachea ruptured. He might even die of strangulation. The audience, gasping, watched the scene in horror.

But The Bruiser's evening was not yet finished. As he left the ring, one of the fans, with more courage than the others, shook her finger at the six-and-a-half foot wrestler. "You beast!" she piped in a shaky voice, "—some day someone will do the same to you! That's the only reason I come to these matches—just so I can see it!"

Official holds part of Yukon Eric's ear kicked off by Killer Kowalski in 1953. Many still insist it was not an accident.



Blood-covered Dory Funk about to be slammed to mat by savage villain Antone "Ripper" Leone.

Shocked, the crowd let him pass. Not until he had escaped did they collect their wits to form a howling, dangerous mob. It was all the police could do to control them. How The Bruiser managed to get away unharmed is a miracle.

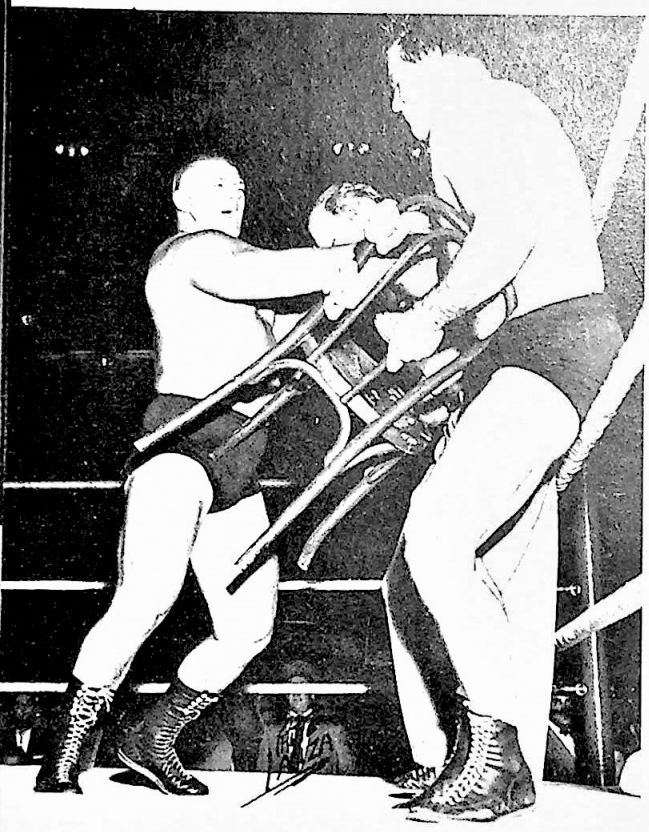
As the great crowd filed from the arena a horror-strickened woman muttered, "What makes him like that, Lord? *What makes him so vile?"*

Five months later, in the same ring, another wrestling match was in progress, again between some of the country's top wrestling talent. This time the participants were the Fabulous Kangaroos against the Bastien Brothers, another in their famous series of matches in which the American Championship Tag Team belt changed hands several times.

Near the end of the bout, Al Costello, the senior Kangaroo, had the lighter Lou Bastien pressed against the ropes in a dazed condition. With complete illegality, Roy Heffernan, the other Kangaroo, held Lou tightly in a choke hold. With needless brutality, Costello hauled off and slugged the helpless Bastien with his closed fist. The referee, trying to keep the enraged Red Bastien out of the ring, did not see this. Again Lou was slugged in the jaw. When he finally fell to the canvas, it was a simple matter for the 230-pound Costello to fall on him and win the fall.

As it happened, the same woman who wondered about The Bruiser looked on the Kangaroo depredations and murmured, "What makes them like that? Why are they so mean?"

It's time we answered her. And oddly enough, there are two answers. For Dick The Bruiser and Al Costello



Dick the Bruiser, left, who would use a knife on opponents if he could, jabs chair into Don Curtis.

Paul Baillargeon twists in pain after being tossed from ring by Killer Kowalski. Paul suffered three factured ribs, spent ten days in the hospital.

represent two entirely different kinds of wrestling villain. Let's consider The Bruiser first.

In the Affils category you will find other hated monsters of the Killer Kowalski type: Hard-Boiled Haggerty, Karl von Hess, and Johnny Valentine. All of these dyed-in-the-canvas villains are just that—*full-time* villains who enjoy their villainy, and practice it, both out of as well as in the ring. Without confirmation from a bona fide psychologist we can't go so far as to say any or all of these men are psychotic or pathological, or that they have criminal tendencies; actually, they don't. However, they do—in most cases—have a grievance against the world and wrestling enables them to take it out on innocent victims in a professional kind of way. In modern wrestling, which is a pretty rugged sport, you can get away with plenty, including the infliction of genuine torture on your victims—if the referee doesn't see you. And, what with the blinding speed that prevails in today's matches, the harassed officials can't always see every illegal move.

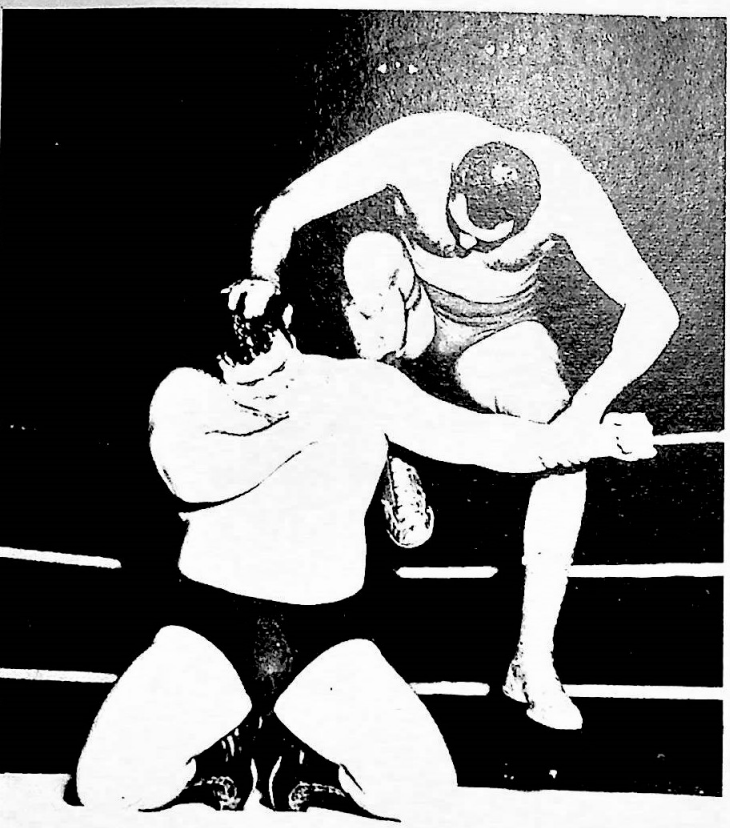
Psychologist Dr. Isaac Berger has confirmed the fact that at least two of our leading tough guys are sick personalities who, if they couldn't take out their hatred in the ring, might cause serious trouble on the outside. "Wrestling keeps them within the law," says Dr. Berger, "—and it's a good thing, too."

The notorious Karl Von Hess is probably not psychotic. However, he does have a morbid hatred for non-Aryans who clutter up wrestling rings and auditoriums and hiss at him. Brought up in an era of brass bands, swastikas and German so-called superiority, Von Hess is convinced that it is his duty to continue the war of Hitler against the Allies. One of the dark thoughts of many a fan is this: what would happen if Von Hess ever got in the same ring with Abe Jacobs? Von Hess would try to kill—literally—the amiable New Zealand Jew. What would be more attractive would be for Von Hess to find himself pitted against that mass of muscle, Morris Shapiro, "The Mighty Atlas," who snaps iron bars with his teeth. "I wonder," asks our irrepressible Dr. Berger, "if Atlas could snap a Nazi?" Maybe some day Von Hess will find out.

It isn't hard to determine what makes Hard-Boiled Haggerty one of the most unlikeable of all villains. Not hateful, necessarily, the way Valentine or Von Hess are hateful—but just plain unlikeable. Ask Haggerty—he'll be glad to tell you, the way he told us.

"Women dislike me because they're not good enough for me," he says, rubbing his bald head to a shine. "That's right. There are at least a dozen—more likely a hundred—who want to marry me just to take me down a peg. For some reason, I fascinate them—and why not? But not one of them is fit to shine my shoes. Life isn't altogether satisfying when it's a series of one-night stands, but—well, being tied down to one of these inferior creatures would be even more deadly. As for men—well, there isn't a one who can lick me in the ring, either boxing or wrestling, la savate or judo—and they know it. The only time I'm ever licked is when the referee decides against me or disqualifies me. And no one outside the ring—but no one—is my peer either physically or intellectually. And that includes you and any other pipsqueak of a writer who tries to analyze me!"

Get it? Haggerty—and others like him—have an enormous superiority complex that compels them to keep



One of Kowalski's favorite weapons is his knee, which he uses here in an attempt to break Claude Dassary's shoulder.

proving themselves better than the next guy, no matter who the next guy happens to be. According to the doctor, Haggerty is actually suffering from an *inferiority* complex. Afraid that he's really not quite as good as he thinks he is, he has to prove that the other guy is inferior—even if it means breaking the law in the ring and getting himself disqualified if he thinks he's in danger of losing. Haggerty won't like to hear this, but we think he should listen. It is well known that all bullies are cowards at heart!

Other dyed-in-the-wool villains are victims of a persecution complex. They think the whole world is picking on them—so, since they can't fight the whole world, they fight their opponents in the ring—and make sure they win by being vicious. In this way, they make up for whatever shortcomings they may have as normal human beings.

So much for the real, all-out, hateful type of villain. Now—consider the equally rugged toughie who is a holy terror in the ring, but who—outside—is as good as the gold in his teeth. Al Costello is one of these; so is Ali Bey, the little Turk, Skull Murphy, the Irish One-Man Gang, and the Sharpe Brothers, among others.

We let Costello speak for the others when we interviewed him. Al is not only a likeable guy, he is also well educated and very articulate. "I'm one of those fellows," says Al in an Australian accent, "whose whole personality changes when I get into the ring. I just can't help it. Outside—like right now—I'd give you the shirt off my back, as you know. But in the ring I'd not only rip the shirt off *your* back, I'd rip your back from your ribs if I could, in order to win."

When questioned about that brutal incident where he racked up Lou Bastine in a completely lawless manner, Al shook his head apologetically. "I know, I know. Whenever I do something like that I never hear the end of it. But I look at it this way: Lou is a real pro—a veteran who's been wrestling as long as I have. He's tough and he knows what he's up against when he gets in there with a couple of pros like Roy and me. It's going to be rough! Now, let's face it—Red and Lou make a lot of money. So do we. Well, it's up to us, I think, to give the customers a run for their admission. And we can't do our best unless we get real rough. If we can't take it—then it's time to quit. It happens that the Bastiens are geared, mentally, to wrestle in a clean way. Roy and I, being psychologically different, have to do it rough. And now and then, I admit, we go beyond roughness; we get a little, well, unclean, shall we say? But, what the hell, it's part of the business—and part of the sport, too. In other words, it's what makes modern wrestling the exciting sport it is. The customers like it—and there are guys—like Roy and me—who can give it to them the way they like it. Why shouldn't we?"

Why, indeed? Although we frown on such brutal antics as Johnny Valentine breaking the leg of an opponent he had already beaten, and such things as Bull Curry striking innocent by-standers with chairs, we do go along with the Kangaroos and their exciting brand of wrestling, which, although it gets extremely rugged at times, is wrestling according to the accepted standards of the day.

Anyway, there are a number of reasons why these men do the things they do. If we want to enjoy wrestling as we have for two generations, we must accept them and their reasons. Because this fact is true: Without villains, there could not be wrestling as we know it. For better or for worse, they're here to stay.

Lucky for us all that's the way it is. • *end*

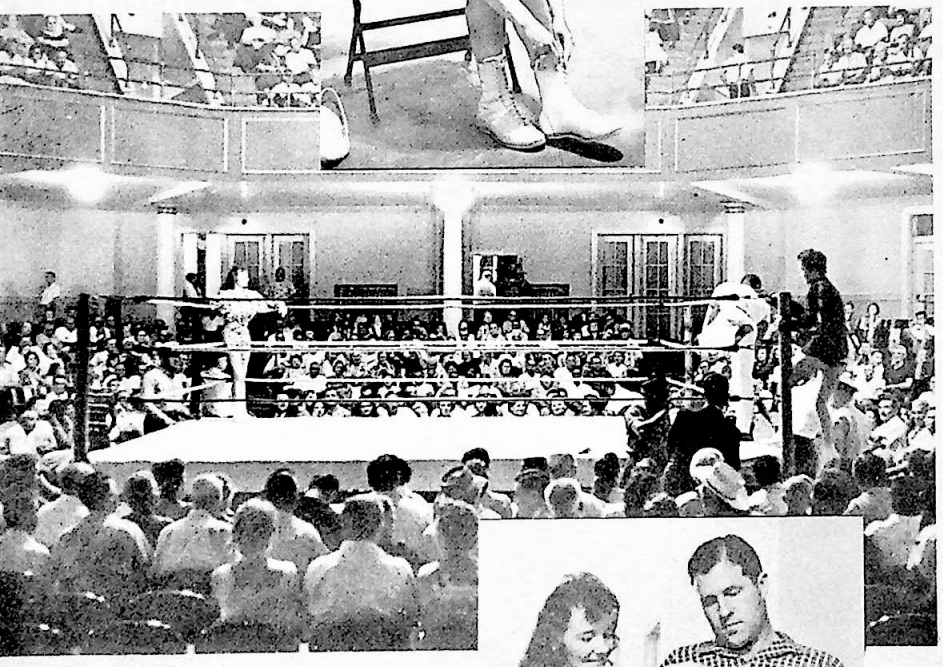
Another master at using his knees to great advantage is Hard-Boiled Haggarty. Victim here is Tim Geohagen.

ORDEAL OF A GIRL WRESTLER

In her professional debut, pretty Mary Lou Erman discovered that there was a lot more to being a wrestler than she had ever dreamed.

With pounding heart and tight lips, Mary Lou Erman starts walk to ring.

Ordeal of getting ready for first pro appearance is starkly etched on Mary Lou's face.



A new world for Mary Lou. Here she awaits her first opponent, Bonnie Watson, seen climbing in ring from opposite corner.

Mary Lou became so absorbed reading WRESTLING REVUE before bout that she momentarily relaxed.

A WOMAN'S TEARS, like pearls, are precious things. And the tears of Mary Lou Erman, though copious, were not being wasted. She sat alone in the girls' dressing room at the Tampa Auditorium and cried as though her heart was breaking. As, in fact, it was.

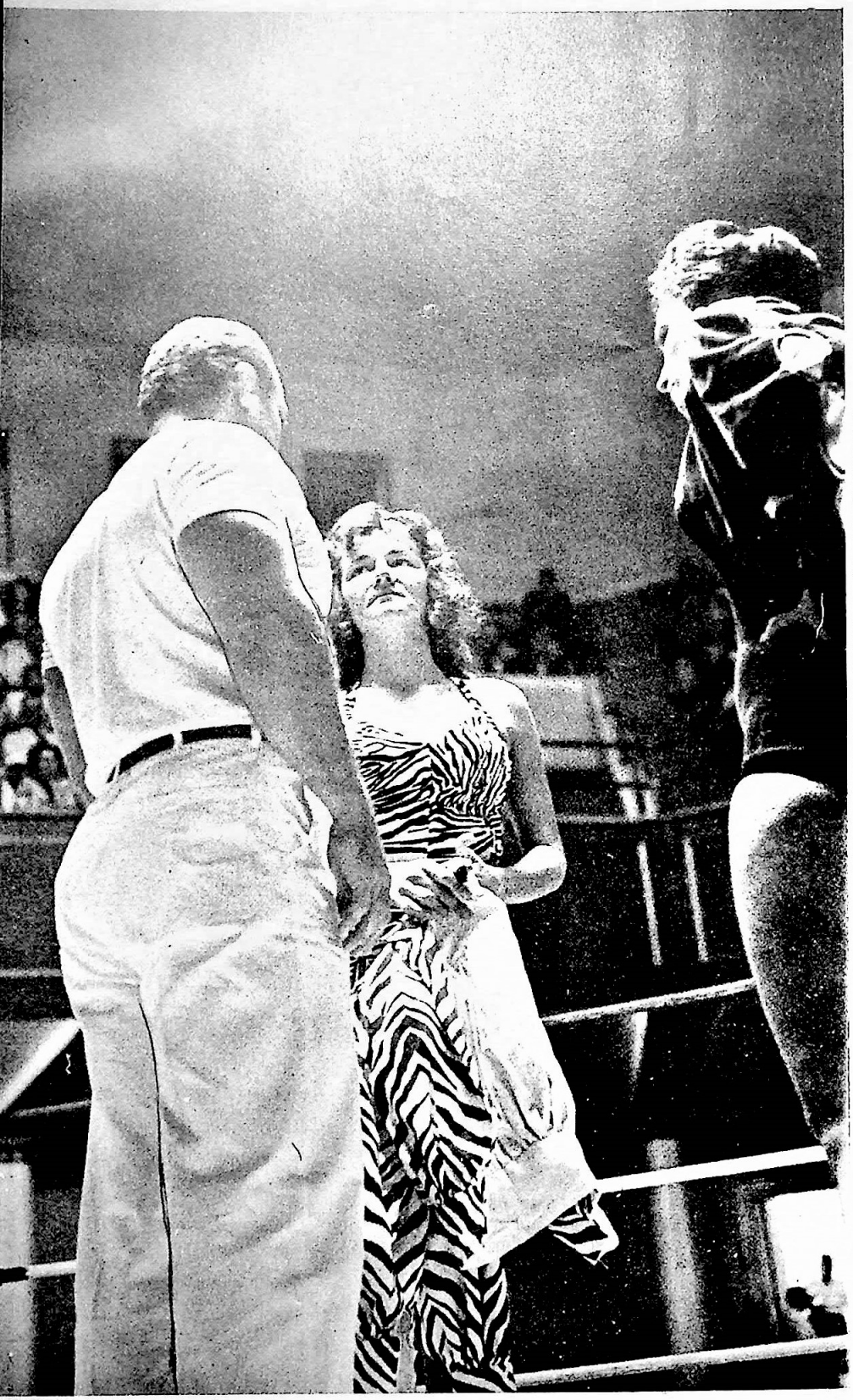
Outside, in the dim corridor, promoter "Cowboy" Luttrall, girl wrestler Bonnie Watson and a photographer stood dejected and downcast. They spoke in low tones, as though outside a sick room.

"It was her very first match," said Bonnie, an ex-world champion and one of the great girl wrestlers of all time. "I tried to go easy on her but — my gosh, she tried so hard to win I had to get a little rough. I didn't think she'd take the loss so badly. I just don't know what to do."

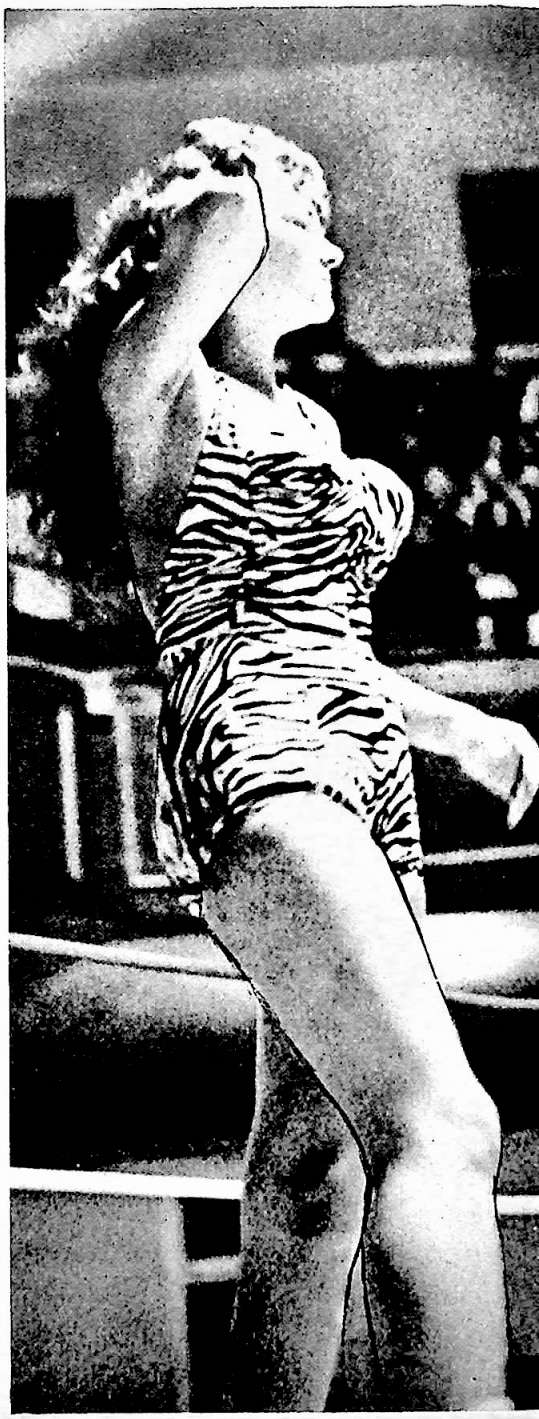
They stood there a while and then, silently, walked away down the corridor of the now-deserted Auditorium where, a short time earlier, three thousand people had acclaimed the victory of Bonnie Watson over young Mary Lou Erman. It had been a triumph of experience over raw pluck and eager youth. Now it was over and Mary Lou Erman sat alone with her anguish, her tears and her memories. (*continued*)

Heartbroken at having lost professional debut, Mary Lou gives way to anguished tears of disappointment in solitude of dressing room.

Just three months before she had walked into Luttrall's office in Tampa's Thomas Jefferson hotel all smiles and full of girlish enthusiasm. She told Luttrall that Miami promoter Chris Dundee had suggested she go see him after Dundee decided that she had what it takes to be a successful wrestler. After listening to her talk, Luttrall agreed — or practically. First he let



A grim and nervous Mary Lou Erman (center) pays close attention to referee's instructions. Veteran Bonnie Watson casually stands by.



Mary Lou answers opening bell for Tampa match to thunderous applause of crowd, who hoped she'd whip villainess Watson.

her tryout in the gym with a few other girl wrestlers. She had it, all right.

"All my life I've wanted to be a wrestler," said the starry-eyed 24-year old brunette from Winston-Salem, North Carolina. "When I was only a little girl my mother, who is the greatest wrestling fan I've ever seen, used to bounce me on her knee in the arenas. I even got to know the wrestlers. And when I grew up, even though I was normal enough — you know, boys, dates and all that — I wanted to wrestle more than anything else in the world. Now, if I could only get the chance!"

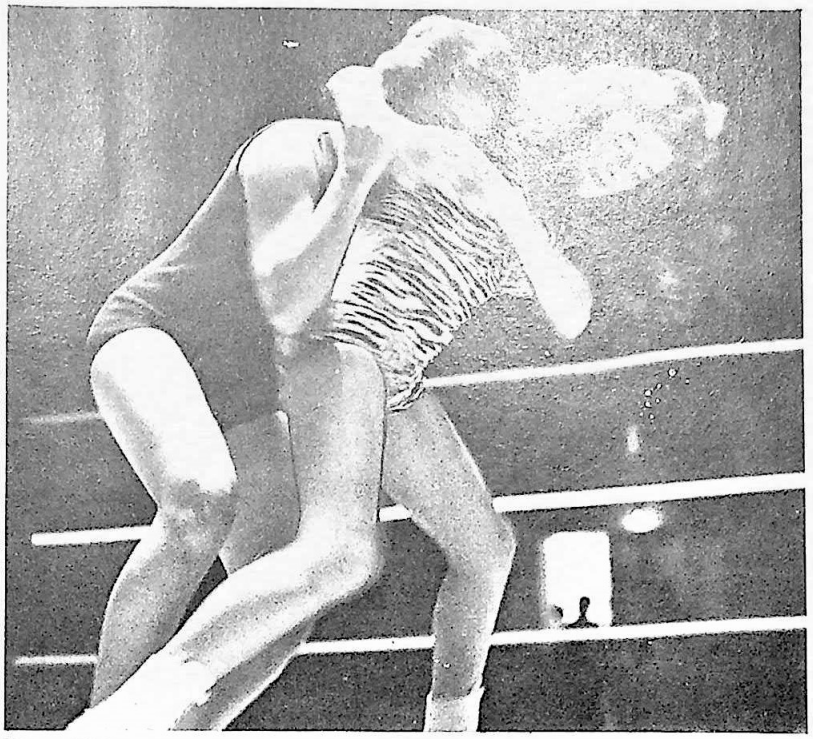
"You'll get it," said Cowboy Luttrall, a tough, salty ex-wrestler. "But first you'll have to train and train hard. Starting right now!"

They tried to get Mary Lou to cut off her brown hair. Two feet long, it hung down behind her like the curried tail of a show horse, and when she ran, it sailed out in back like the plume on a knight's helmet. "I've had it this way all my life," pleaded Mary Lou. "It's the one thing that makes me stand out. I — I can't give it up. I just can't."

So they let her keep her hair, even though Luttrall warned her that her opponents would have no mercy on her lovely tresses.

And in three months she was ready, really ready. On October 12, 1960 — Columbus Day — Mary Lou Erman went forth on an uncharted sea to conquer her new world. Her opponent was to be veteran Bonnie Watson, a villainess of the worst sort. Luttrall resolved not to coddle his new find. "If she can't take it to begin with," he said,

(*continued*)



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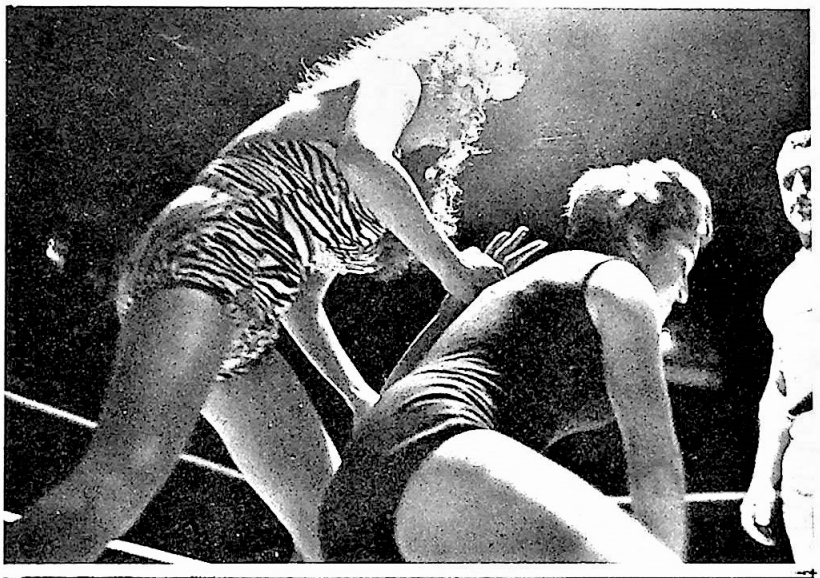


2

3

1

In best Strangler Lewis tradition, Mary Lou applies headlock on Bonnie Watson. A moment later, Bonnie was sent flying.

2

Tampa fans went wild when young Mary Lou caught Bonnie Watson in this hammerlock. But the ring-wise Bonnie soon broke free.

3

Forgetting plan to 'go easy on the kid' a raging Bonnie Watson advances on Mary Lou. End was in sight for youngster.

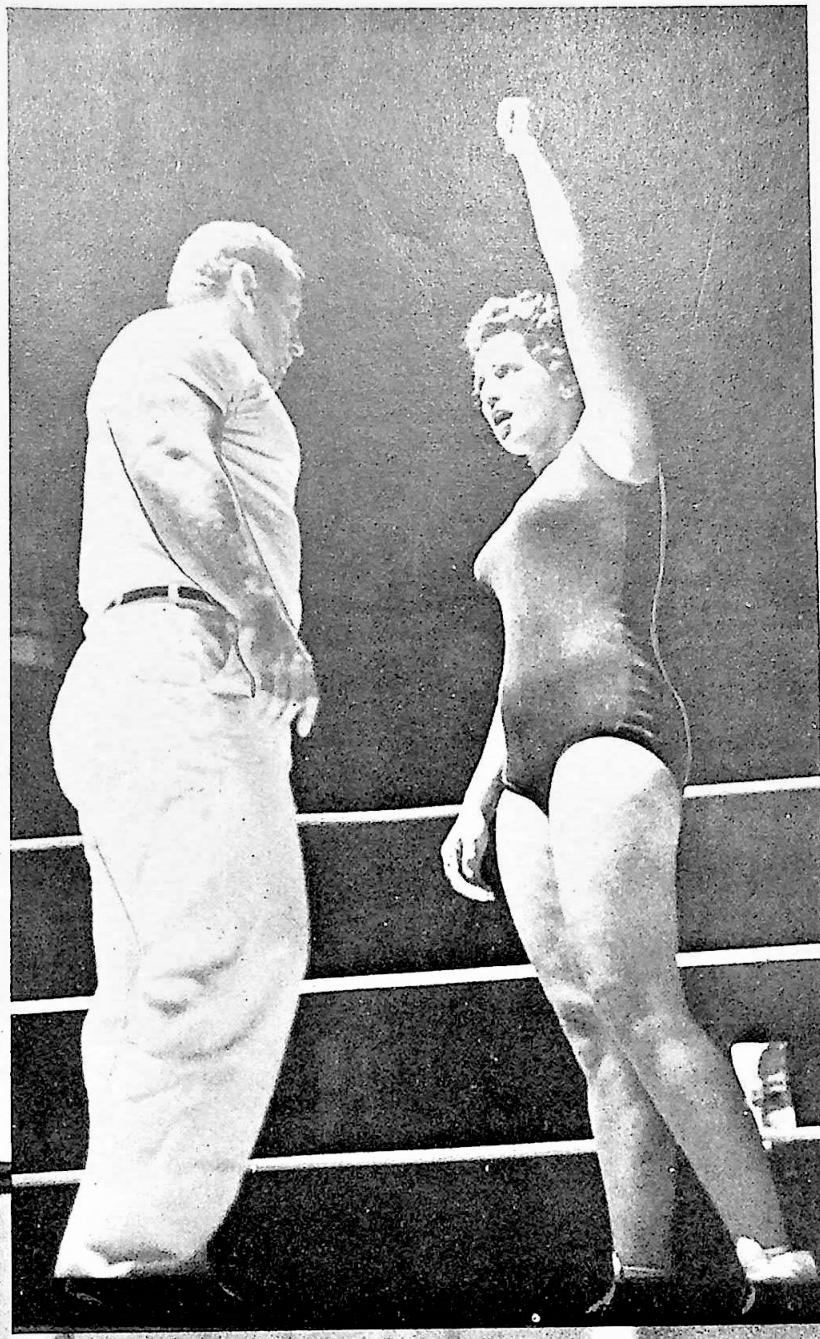
The collapse of a dream as Mary Lou's shoulders are pinned to canvas. Step-over leg lock was clincher.

"we might as well find it out now."

It was a terrible ordeal for Mary Lou, coming into the arena for the first time, going through the preliminaries of the bout, undressing and pulling on her zebra-striped wrestling togs. Her fumbling hands could barely lace her high white wrestler's boots.

There was a loud knock on the door. It was like a hammer-blow over Mary Lou's heart. An imperious voice said, "You're on, — step on it!"

One of the reasons why Bonnie Watson said, after bout, "She tried so hard to win I had to get a little rough." Here Mary Lou clamps neck-stretching headlock on Bonnie.



After 20 minutes of furious battling, Bonnie Watson is declared winner. Later she said, "That kid's going to be mighty tough to beat a year or two from now."

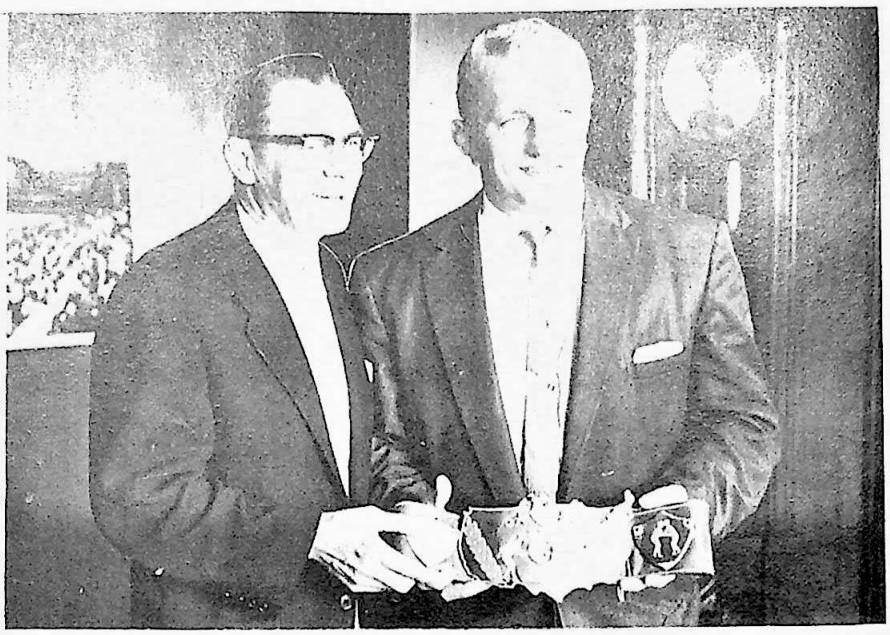
Then, with tight lips, she marched up the aisle to the ring, into the blaze of light and the ear-splitting roar that was Mary Lou's new world.

And then the world exploded and collapsed about her.

Now, the cheers stilled and the bright lights extinguished, Mary Lou Erman sat alone and desolate in the dressing room, the tears still coursing down her pretty face. At last, rising, she showered and dressed slowly. She walked up the corridor and out into the street.

The warm air from the Gulf carried the fresh smell of salt to her, and it was like a healing balm to her wounds. She strode a little faster and, as the moon rose above the Tampa skyline, the world of Mary Lou Erman began to brighten again. She began to think about her return bout with Bonnie Watson. How, the next time, she would win. ● *end*

Fighting to hold back tears, Mary Lou starts lonely walk back to dressing room after losing first professional bout.



In his plush office above Chicago's famed Marigold Gardens promoter Kohler presents Buddy Rogers with championship belt. Rogers is one of the many top stars Kohler brought into the Chicago area for his wrestling spectaculars.

Master Promoter FRED KOHLER

Working quietly behind the scenes to make wrestling the top U.S. spectator sport are shrewd businessmen like Chicago's Fred Kohler

EVERY SO OFTEN two astute wrestling fans will get together to discuss the present state of their favorite sport. One might say something like this: "What wrestling needs is another Jack Curley — the kind of promoter who isn't afraid to gamble, and who breathes new life into the game! — a colorful kind of guy who makes as much news as the wrestlers themselves!"

And the other fan might reply: "You mean a guy like baseball's Bill Veeck, whose words make headlines, and who isn't afraid to spend money to make money."

"That's right. It's too bad there's nobody in wrestling today like those guys."

We've got news for those fans. There *is* somebody around who has the guts and gambling instincts, who knows wrestlers and wrestling as well as Jack Curley did, and who is just as alive as Bill Veeck. His name is Fred Kohler. Like Veeck, the dynamic, 57-year-old Kohler lives and works out of Chicago. In addition, he shares both Comiskey Park and that famous explosive score board with baseball's Veeck.

The story of Fred Kohler comes close to being the story of Chicago wrestling. Understandably enough — if you know Kohler — it starts with the debut of a 25-year-old wrestler named Freddie King 32 years ago. Stanislaus Zbysko, Jim Londos and Strangler Lewis were playing tag with the wrestling title. Future stars like Lou Thesz and Dick Shikat were just changing into long pants. Babe Ruth and Tony Lazzeri were baseball heroes, and Bill Veeck didn't know a curve from a screwball.

Every week, young Freddie King competed against strong opposition at the old Rainbow Arena. Sometimes he lost, sometimes he won. One day he was asked why he bothered to wrestle at all. Freddie said, "I have

to, otherwise Fred Kohler. the promoter ,would go broke!" He'd laugh when he said it, since Fred Kohler and "Freddie King" were one and the same person. It wasn't much of a beginning Fred admits today.

But today, the fruits of that rough beginning are evident from the series of great wrestling extravaganzas held at Chicago's Comiskey Park which have averaged a whopping $80,000 per show. And as for the Park's famous exploding score board — that incredible mechanical monster so despised by members of the New York Yankees because it shoots up rockets and Roman candles whenever a Chicago White Sox player dumps a home run into the stands, well, it gets into the wrestling act, too. Said promoter Kohler proudly: "We pull the trigger on the score board whenever a hero wins a match. It costs me $60 a shot, but it's well worth it."

Of course, the few hundred dollars spent on the board is chicken feed compared to the overall cost of staging a wrestling card at Comiskey. And that's where Kohler's kinship with Jack Curley comes in. "Curley was a master of ballyhoo, bluster and bluff," grins Kohler appreciatively. "I'm not in his class, of course, but I know that if you want to do something big, you have to think big — even if the eventual result turns out to be small. Nothing great was ever done without a gamble — and I include the discovery of the North Pole, the Salk vaccine and the Wright brothers' first flight."

That's why it's worth it for Fred to pay Bill Veeck $5,000 to rent Comiskey Park for one night. But there are many other expenses involved: $2,000 for ticket sellers, attendants and ushers; $1,500 for advertising, and about $10,000 in taxes.

"Advertising is very important," said shrewd businessman Kohler. "I plaster posters in 500 city buses, in 200 railroad stations and I mail out 30,000 notices to steady customers. It's one helluva job to put on a big show!"

But Fred Kohler's sweat and imagination have paid off royally. After his first big success in Comiskey Park he called Veeck and said, "I want to rent the park once a month until the cold weather sets in."

As someone once said, "You can't have a professional match unless you have two wrestlers and a promoter." Taking it from there, we say that if wrestling is to continue as one of the country's top spectator sports it must have the kind of far-sightedness and gambling instinct that Fred Kohler provides in his sprawling mid-western territory.

From time to time, a territory will fall off insofar as public interest is concerned. It will stay dead until someone with the promotional savvy of a Fred Kohler breathes new life into things by importing super attractions like Buddy Rogers or Pat O'Connor. As Kohler says, "The only thing necessary to arouse interest in this business is good, exciting wrestling."

And nobody knows how to arouse interest like master promoter Kohler.

Kohler personally supervises every detail of his promotions. Here he checks last minute details with TV announcer Wayne Griffith before start of mat card in Milwaukee.

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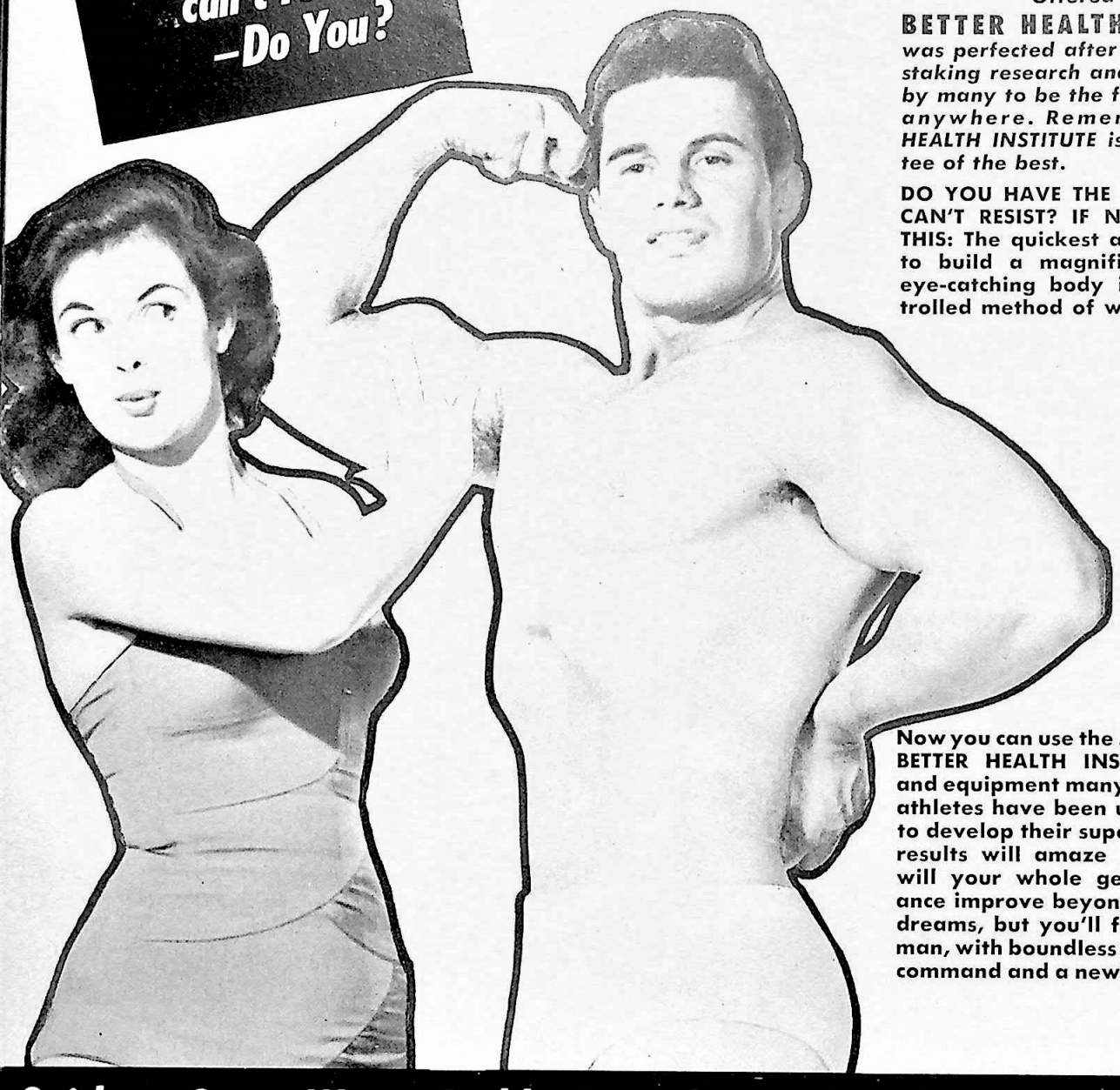

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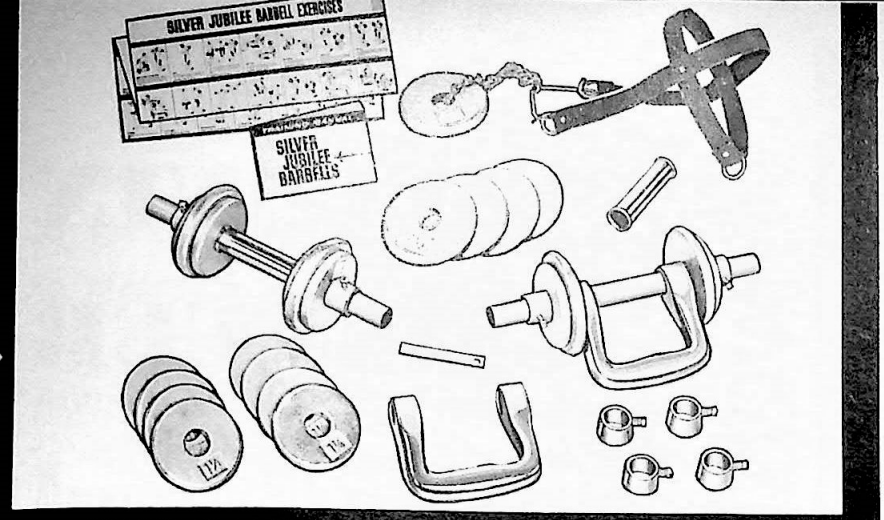

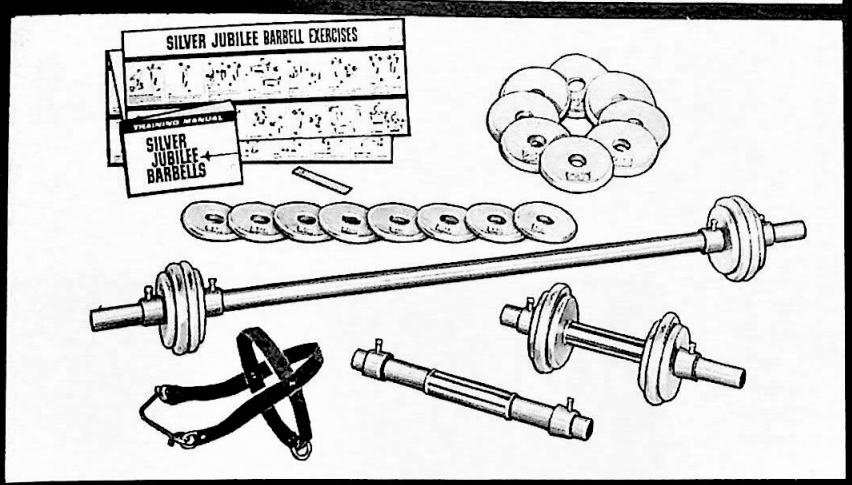

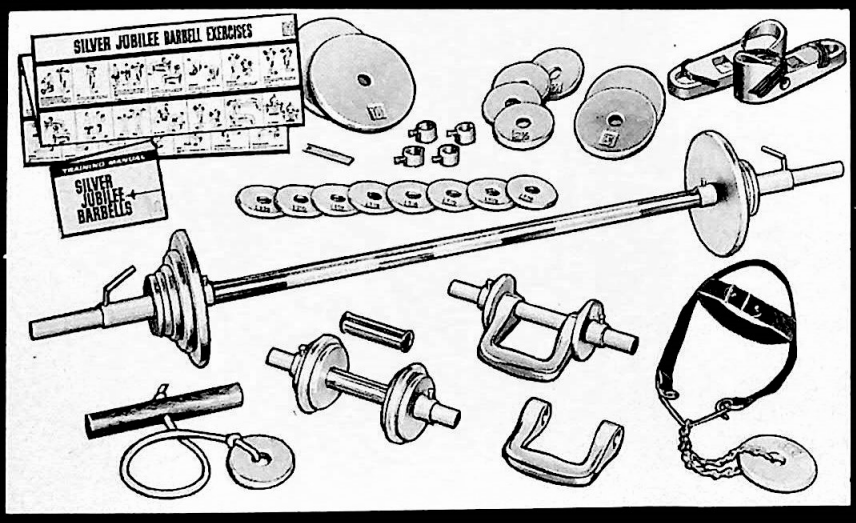

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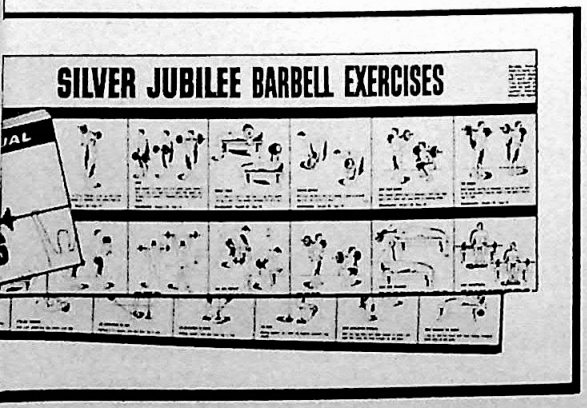

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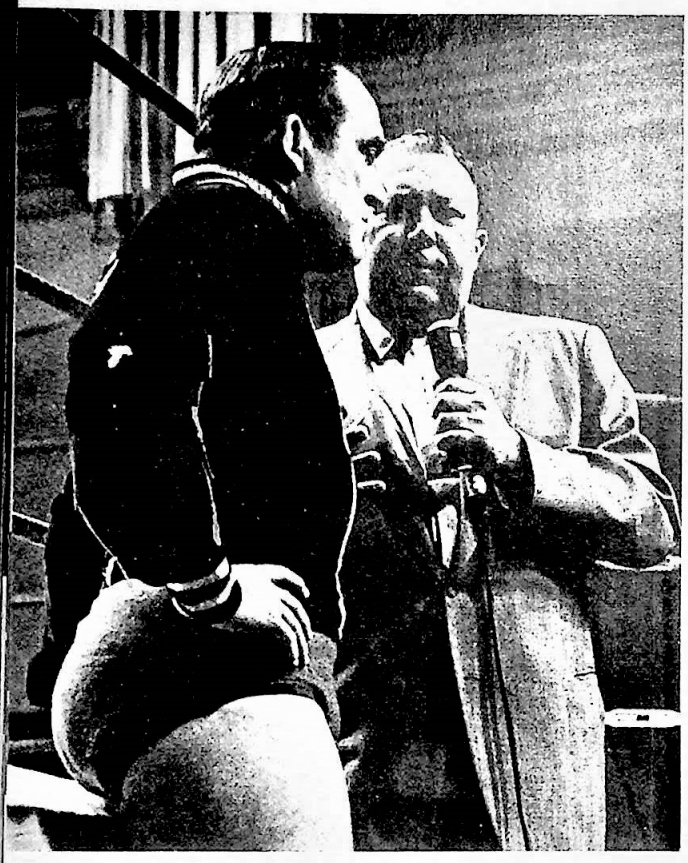
unshattered idol



Mercer is interviewed by veteran television announcer Wayne Griffin before bout in Milwaukee.

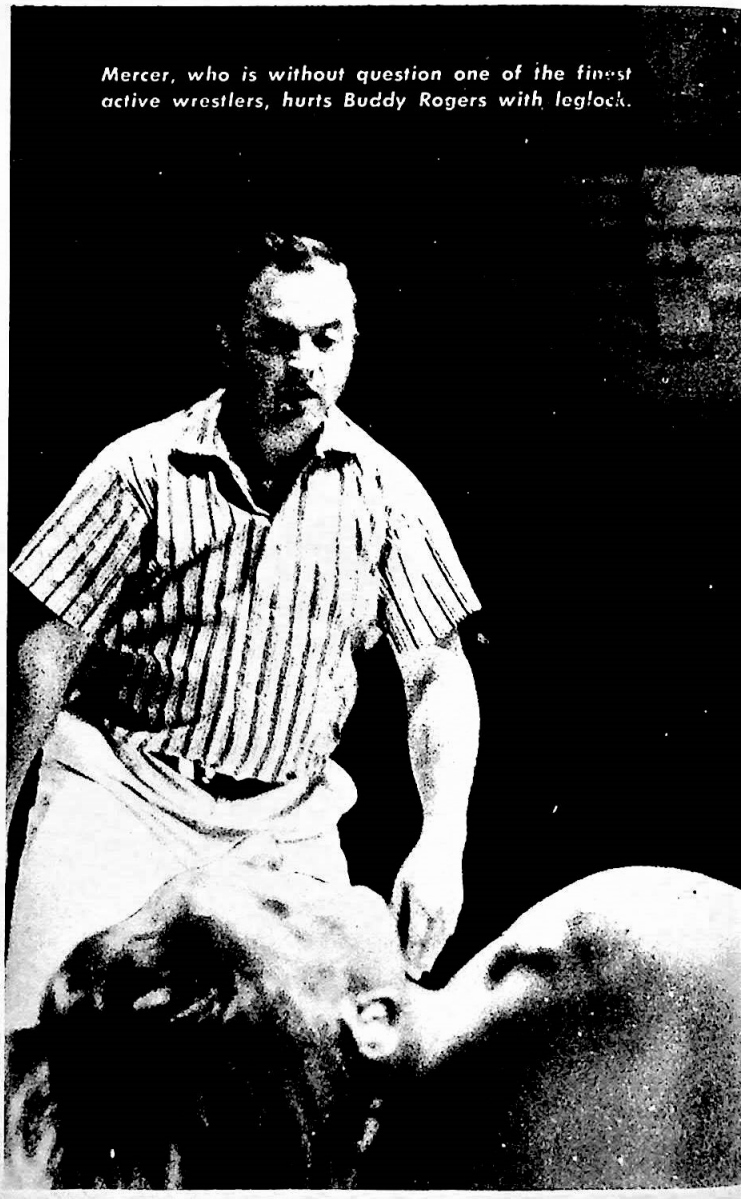
NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO in a New Jersey arena whose roaring, hysterical post-war sports-hungry audience threatened to shout themselves hoarse and deaf, a spectacular wrestling match took place. They had come from New York City to witness this match, and from Newark, Jersey City and even as far away as Washington, D. C.

They came to see the heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, Texas Babe Sharkey, meet a young whirlwind named Marvin Mercer. Now, packing the ancient arena, Union City's Columbia Park, they had been whipped to a frenzy.

For, in one of the fastest and most spectacular matches of modern times, Sharkey found himself tangling with a harvesting machine and bale-binder rolled into one. The Pennsylvania Dutch body, Marvin Mercer, weighing about 190 pounds, kicked his heavier opponent across the ring a dozen times. More than once he ran full tilt at his groggy rival, flew into the air and *wham!*—lashed out with both feet. Not uncommon, that—*but,* after delivering the kick, young Mercer landed on his feet—just like a cat!

A couple of other times, Marvin, who was called the "Barrymore with Muscles" by his female admirers, lashed out with one foot—and administered a one-legged drop kick, again landing on his feet. Each of such exploits drew frenzied cheers from the crowd.

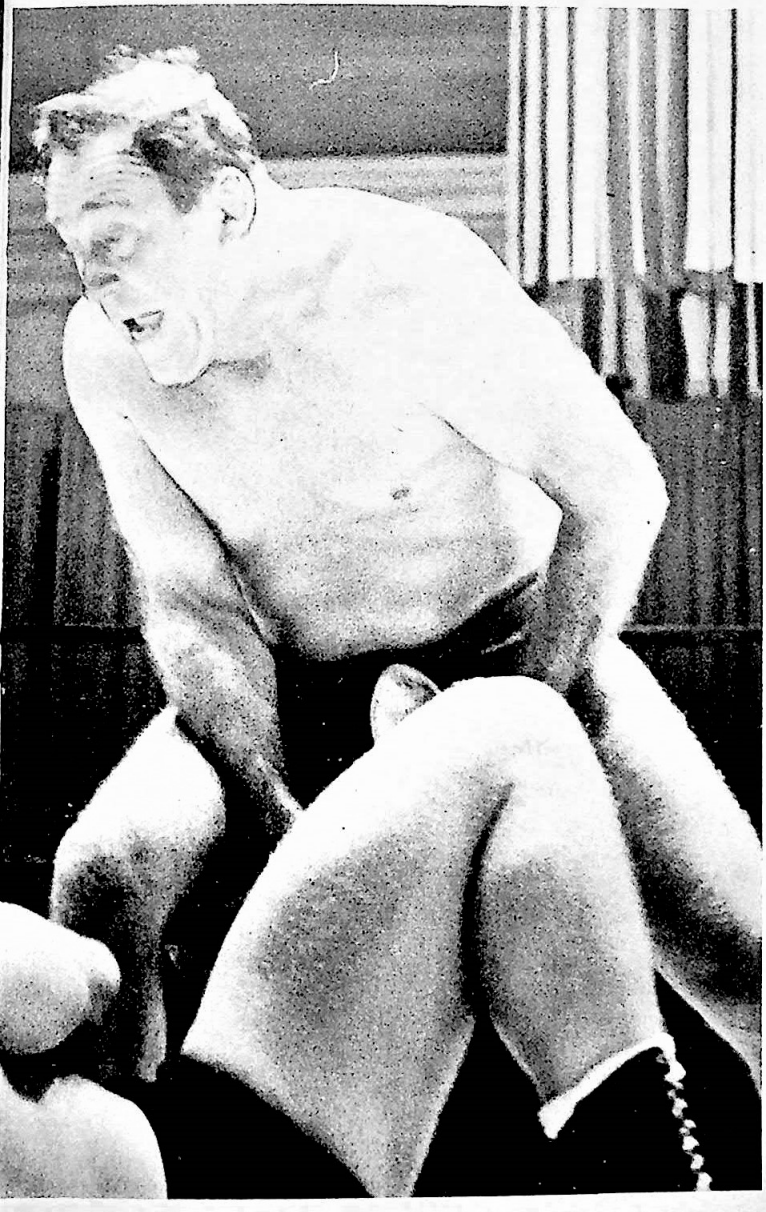
From a jolly-looking, round-faced man in the front row, the Mercer maneuvers brought a bright-eyed smile. He snapped his little camera time and time again. And when the match was finished, this distinguished man, who aroused as many stares as did Sharkey and Mercer them-

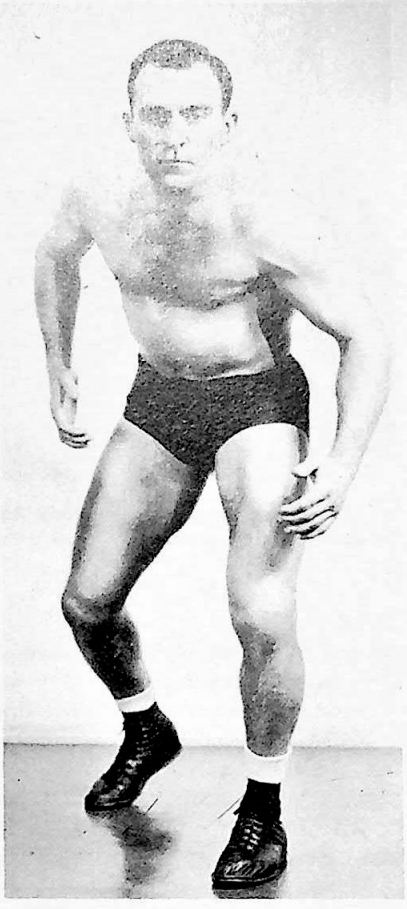


Mercer, who is without question one of the finest active wrestlers, hurts Buddy Rogers with leglock.

Fifteen years have passed since Bob Ripley's cartoon first drew attention to Mercer's spectacular drop kicks and officially dubbed him "The Atomic Wonder." But today, Marvin is still blasting opponents over in his own inimitable style.

By Elliott Pasternack





Mercer as he looked in 1945, when he first broke into wrestling and attracted national attention with his sensational style.

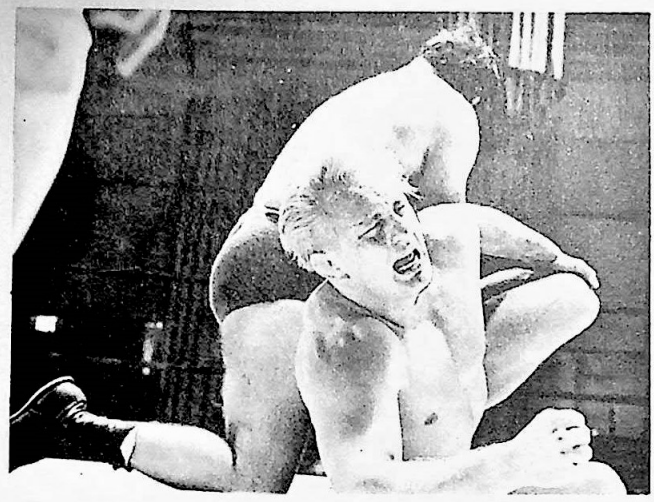
selves, went down to the dressing room and interviewed Marvin Mercer, who had held the champion to a draw.

Next day, the man sat in his luxurious New York City studio. From the pictures and sketches he had made the night before, he drew a crayon portrait of Marvin Mercer performing his remarkable dropkick. Then he wrote the copy to go with the picture; "The Atomic Wonder—Marvin Mercer," he called the article, in which he told how Mercer, in less than three-fifths of a second, leaps into the air, administers his kick to the chest of an opponent, then, with a miraculously dexterous twist of his body, lands gracefully on his feet.

The article and picture were signed, as usual, "Believe It or Not—Robert L. Ripley."

And that's how the "Atomic Wonder" was born. In those days, it was the ideal name, coming just a year or so after the earth shaking event at Hiroshima. But it has stuck, thanks to Bob Ripley. Now, 15 years later—and 16 years after Marvin Mercer began his professional wrestling career, it's time to take another look at this amazing athlete. How has he fared during the long postwar period, which has seen hundreds of wrestlers come and go, dozens of old-timers fade from the scene, and new ones spring to sudden fame? Has the young Mercer become old-timer Mercer? Has his Atomic Age gyrations slowed to a horse-and-buggy crawl? Is he still the Atomic Wonder that you should believe-or-not?

There's good news about the Big M. In fact, the material you might have read about Marvin Mercer ten years ago still applies. He is in the same class as Lou Thesz, Danny McShane and Whipper Watson when it comes to wrestling longevity. At an average of forty, these fellows



In Milwaukee bout with Buddy Rogers, facing camera, last October, Mercer centered attack on foe's legs.

are not old men by a long shot—but, in a slam-bang profession with a high mortality rate, they have proved to possess undreamed-of stamina down through the years.

Perhaps the most amazing of them all is Marvin Mercer. Recently, as he performed a series of his internationally famed drop kicks for the stroboscopic camera, he was timed by an official using an electric device that was correct to within .000000000001 of a second.

Mercer's time: three-fifths of a second, exactly what it was that night back in 1946 when Bob Ripley watched, amazed, as the young Pennsylvanian kicked away at champion Babe Sharkey.

A few years after the above event—in 1950—Mercer, verging on 30, accomplished his second feat of note. He won the Ed Strangler Lewis belt signifying that he was the new Junior Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of the world. "Junior," of course, does not mean "young heavyweight" or novice, here. It means a professional wrestler weighing less than 200 pounds. This division gave men who could not make the light heavyweight limit of 181 pounds, and yet who could not go over 200, a chance to display their prowess against men their own poundage. That is: an excellent wrestler who weighed 190 could win a world championship without having to whip behemoths weighing 250 or more.

The man Marvin beat for the belt was Jim Austeri, who succumbed to the infamous drop kicks in exactly 27 minutes. Since then, "Atomic" Mercer has faced just about every top wrestler in the business, regardless of weight, and beaten 90 percent of them.

Today, looking virtually the same as he did 15 years ago in both face and body, Marvin gives credit for his marvelous strength to his work in the Pennsylvania steel mills. "I had the toughest jobs in the mills," he recollects, and "I loved it. Guys who hated the work but had to do it for a living got strong, yes, but they also got ulcers and nervous breakdowns and had trouble with their families. Me, I loved the work and I felt my muscles growing and, well, I knew that I wouldn't always have to stay in those mills."

He didn't, obviously. Working out in the local gyms after work, he learned to use those steel-built muscles to great advantage. Came a night when the promoter in Reading, Penna. was out one wrestler due to a transportation strike. Could Mercer intercede? Mercer could and did. His essential wrestling style has changed hardly at all from that first bout during which he wowed the hometown fans.

It was 1950 that saw Marvin earn further national recognition. Bernaar McFadden, old Mr. "Physical Culture" himself, bestowed his title on Mercer and announced the fact in his national Health Review Magazine. This did little to scare female fans away when Mercer began appearing in rings from coast to coast.

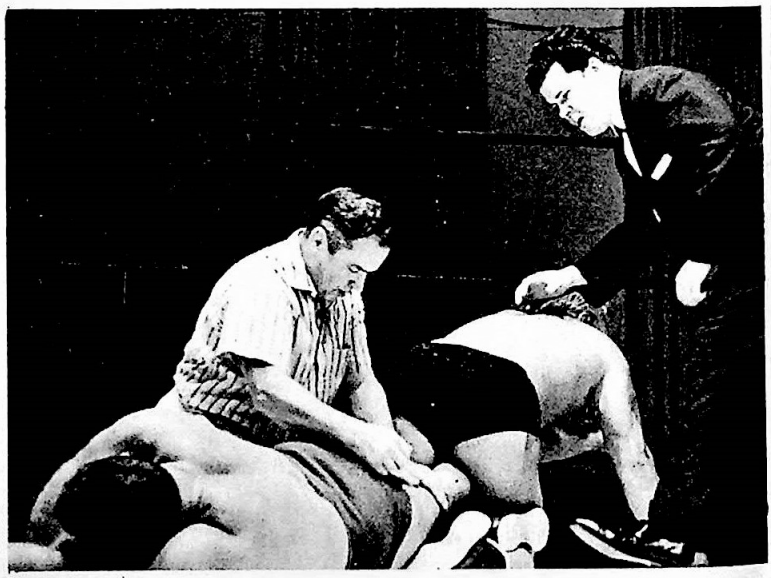
"I built my muscles up in the steel mills," repeats Mercer, "but I learned wrestling around Reading. I used to watch 'grass wrestling' bouts at the county fairs and once saw my father—when he was past seventy—toss my six brothers and a bunch of other guys like they were kindergarten kids. We used to use the Cumberland-Westmoreland style where you throw a man without changing your grip. That takes real skill. When my father saw I had promise—I licked everybody but him—he gave me the idea of turning pro."

Today, on Mercer's sprawling farm in the lush Pennsylvania hill country, they still perform in grass wrestling bouts, and Marvin carefully watches the new crop for a possible future star. Another facet of his magnetic personality came out when the reporter interviewing him noted that Mercer's farm looked like excellent game land.

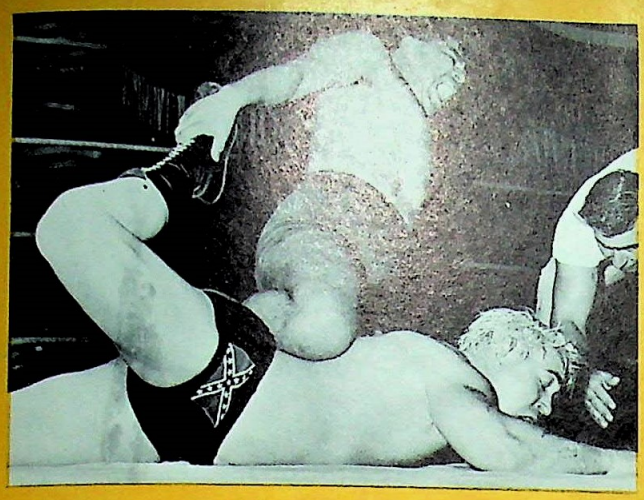
"It is," said Marvin, his lips going slightly grim. "And it's posted. I know it doesn't add to my popularity, but I can't stand game hogs. Too many hunters today are just that. So I use the farm for my own use—and as a sort of unofficial game refuge. I—well, I like animals."

And animals like Marvin. So do people. They have liked him for more than fifteen years. Since he looks, wrestles, talks and acts exactly as he did in those early days, they'll probably be liking him for another fifteen years. As for us, we're all for more Archie Moores. . . .

". . . And more Marvin Mercers." That's what Bob Ripley said when he first saw Mercer wrestle. We can't say it any better. • *end*



Bobby Davis, Rogers' manager, right, helps referee untangle Buddy and Mercer, foreground, after bout was ruled a draw.



Big Heart locks Ray Stevens in spectacular "Bow & Arrow."

CLOSE-UP OF CHIEF BIG HEART

In 1620 a bunch of Englishmen landed on the American coast and began killing off the Indian population.

In 1956, the Indians got even. One of them won the British Empire Wrestling Championship. This is one of the little known facts of American History.

The man who performed this heroic deed — in Australia, against another American, no less — was a 230-pound red-blooded American boy named George Vest. Better known as Chief Big Heart, George has tomahawked his way to the very top of the wrestling hierarchy in six short years. It was only two years after his wrestling debut in 1954 that the Chief (of the Osage tribe in Oklahoma) wrestled his fellow American for the British title.

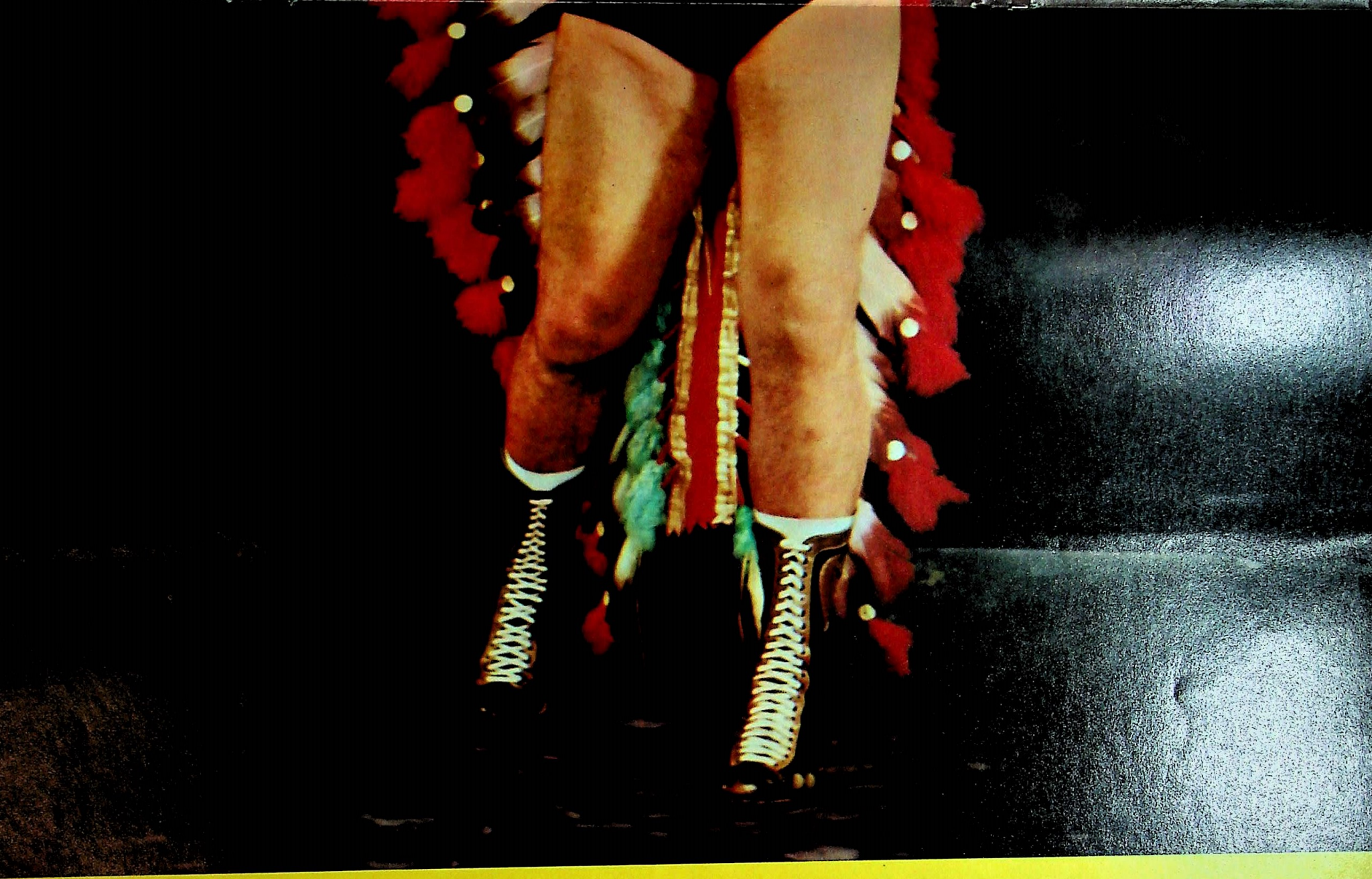
Who was the other American? Phoenix, Arizona's, own — or dis-owned — Jerry Graham.

Chief Big Heart, a war-whooping, judo-slugging hero, today admits that Graham — they have met several times since — is the toughest, roughest opponent he ever faced. "Not because Jerry's such a great wrestler — he isn't — but because he has no scruples in the ring. If you try to beat him fair and square, you're going to get hurt. You're going to get hurt, anyway — but you'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you can get just as rough as Jerry."

The big Indian can and does get as rough as any of his opponents. His patented "bow-and-arrow" torture hold is one of the cruelest in wrestling, yet he will use it when necessary — and it generally means the end of a match.

Having learned to wrestle on Oklahoma's Pawhuska reservation, George, oddly enough, began his professional career as a boxer. He won 12 of 13 bouts and had the last one so well under control that the referee tried to stop it. George hit the referee and was banned from boxing for a year — and within that time he turned wrestler — with far greater success than he ever dreamed.

Please turn the page



CHIEF BIG HEART

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 2

One of wrestling's most notorious tough guys throws the blame for his savage and inhuman tactics directly at his fellow wrestlers

"THEY MADE ME

Says Don Leo Jonathan

BIG DON LEO JONATHAN had us all fooled for years. He even fooled himself, it seems. Last time we talked to him (see June, '59, BOXING ILLUSTRATED), we got along fine. We respected him as one of the nation's very best and most popular wrestlers—and in an unguarded moment, Don said he wished he could write. It was a wonderful interview. Among other things, we talked about how Jonathan, a Mormon and an ex-sheriff in Utah, has lived the kind of rugged and adventurous life that makes the average TV Western hero pale by comparison.

We talked about how Sheriff Jonathan who even then weighed close to his present 300 pounds, halted a speeder one day and, approaching him on foot, was suddenly surprised by the sight of a gun in the man's hand. He was even more surprised when a sharp report was followed by a bullet which lodged in Don's leg. That ended his career as a sheriff and began his new career as a wrestler (after they dug out the bullet).

We talked about how, before that, Don had built his strength and endurance as a lumberjack in the North woods, where he also learned much of the secrets of rough-tough wrestling that later stood him in such good stead.

But, above all, we talked about Don Leo Jonathan's private life—what made him tick. We learned that Don is—or was—a roughneck in the ring but a marvelous person in off-business hours. "I'm not a real all-out villain," he insisted then, "—not the way Johnny Valentine and Dick the Bruiser are villains. I'm just a rough wrestler because that's my nature. I never look to permanently hurt anybody, though."

That was a year ago. Things—and Don Leo Jonathan —have changed. And we don't like the change.

Take that night in the Boston Garden, early last summer. Again, Jonathan was wrestling his old Nemesis, Yukon Eric, one of the cleanest, most honorable men who ever stepped into a ring. We last saw these two together about 18 months before. In that match, two of wrestling's biggest men were pitted in a truly titanic battle than saw Eric finally unable to continue. Thrown heavily several times, and treated to almost inhuman punishment, the genial Eric finally had to give in. It was no disgrace.

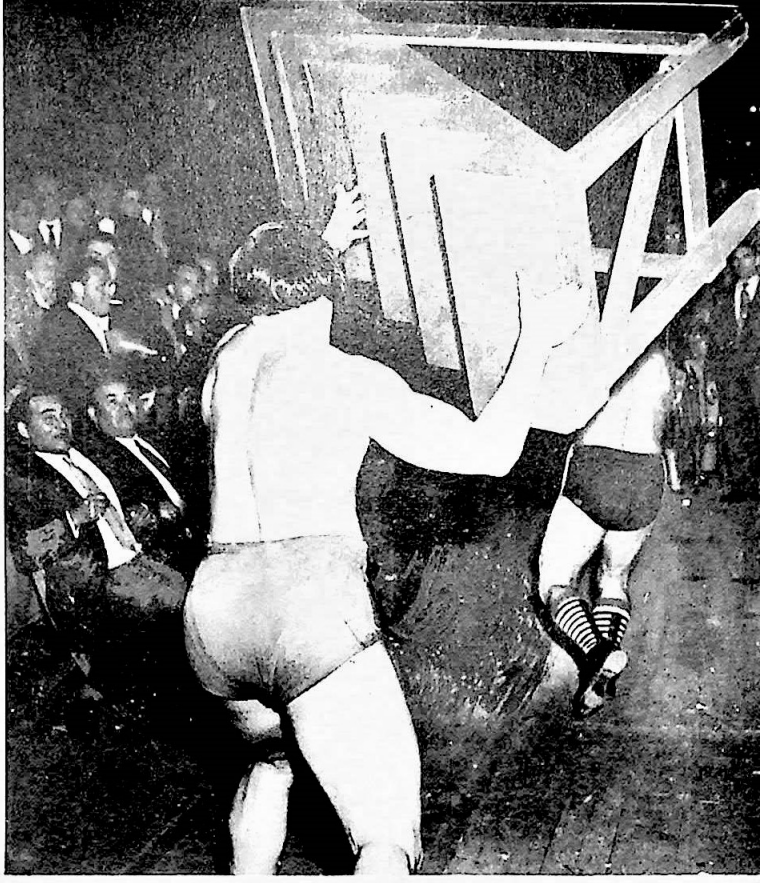
But the noticeable thing about Jonathan that night was simply that he was *rough*. He was not unfair. Although the verdict didn't set well with the fans, they had to admit that the bout had been essentially fair. And so had most of Don Leo's bouts: rough as hell, but fair as

paradise.

A year passed. The rumors and reports began to seep into WRESTLING REVUE's New York office. Something had happened to the amiable Jonathan. And when we saw him in action next—same place, same opponent—we realized that the rumors were right.

First, with extra perception, we watched the bout between Jonathan and Eric. The big Alaskan tried to make a match of it, using not only his huge poundage—and why not?—but also the consummate skill gained in a dozen years on the mats of the world. But Jonathan would have none of it. Whenever it was possible to gain an advantage by foul means, he took it. The bout was marked by gouging, butting and closed-fist punching by Don Leo. We couldn't help but overhear the scandalized conversation between two decent fans seated in front of us.

A KILLER!"



Lately, anything goes when Jonathan wrestles. Here he tries to brain fleeing opponent with ring steps.

"Look," said one of them, a middle-aged woman whose face twisted in horror as Jonathan deliberately kicked Yukon Eric in the head. "That's absolutely cruel and illegal. I never thought Don would do a dirty thing like that!"

"That's the difference between the *old* Don and this creature," agreed her male companion with obvious revulsion. "This fellow has become a *dirty* wrestler!"

We didn't want to believe it. A few weeks later we watched Don wrestle in Montreal. His opponent this time was Larry Moquin, another decent man and solid wrestler. The same thing happened—there was Don Leo doing his best to injure his opponent. And needlessly, too, because he was winning anyway. He was finally disqualified after continuing to apply a succession of backbreaker holds even after Moquin was unconscious. It looked to us as though Jonathan was trying to break Larry's back.

He was!

It is with sorrow that we report our subsequent interview with Don Leo Jonathan after the Moquin match. As we approached Don in the dressing room, even his face seemed different from the bland, open countenance had first seen in Boston in 1959. His lips were tight and there was trouble in his wide blue eyes. He didn't acknowledge our greeting—just grunted and continued dressing. Even after we explained the situation—the fact that we noticed a change in him and that the fans were distressed by it—there was no response. Don just clammed up.

We asked a direct question: "We know you're a straight guy, Don. Yet it looked to us as though you wanted to bust Moquin up tonight. Did you?"

He looked at us directly for the first time. "Yes," he said simply. "I did."

"Why?"

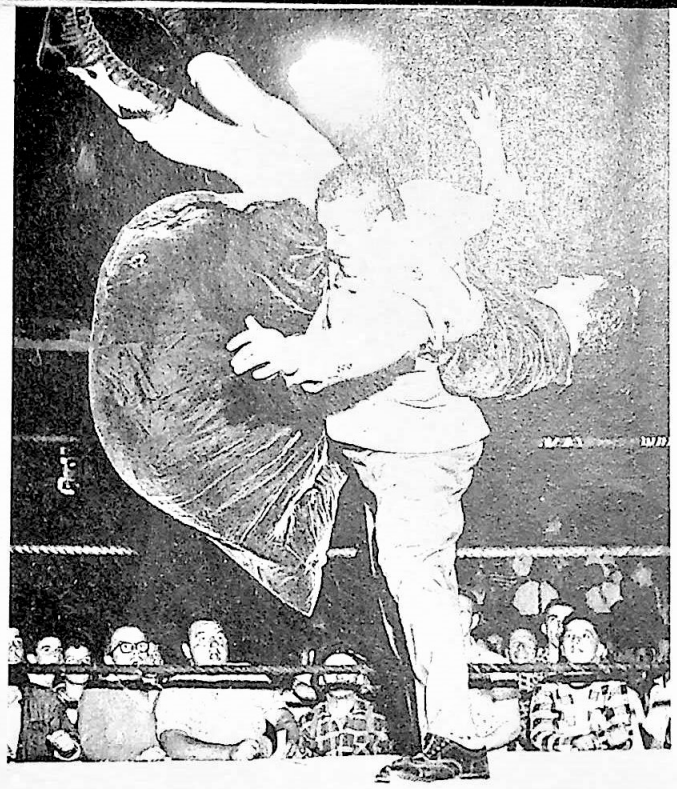
"It's my job. I'm getting tired of being shoved around by these guys. When I let up on them a bit they don't appreciate it. Like I might have a guy in a good toe hold, and he's in bad pain. I got the match won if I hang on. But no—I'll take pity on the guy and let up on the pressure. Does he show his appreciation by giving up? No—he kicks his way out of the hold and then I have to really go to work on him! It merely prolongs the thing. Not only that, he suffers even more because from then on I have no mercy on him. So don't complain because I'm a little rougher than I used to be. These guys asked for it."

We told him that he was strong enough and good enough to win without the extra pressure, the extra roughness.

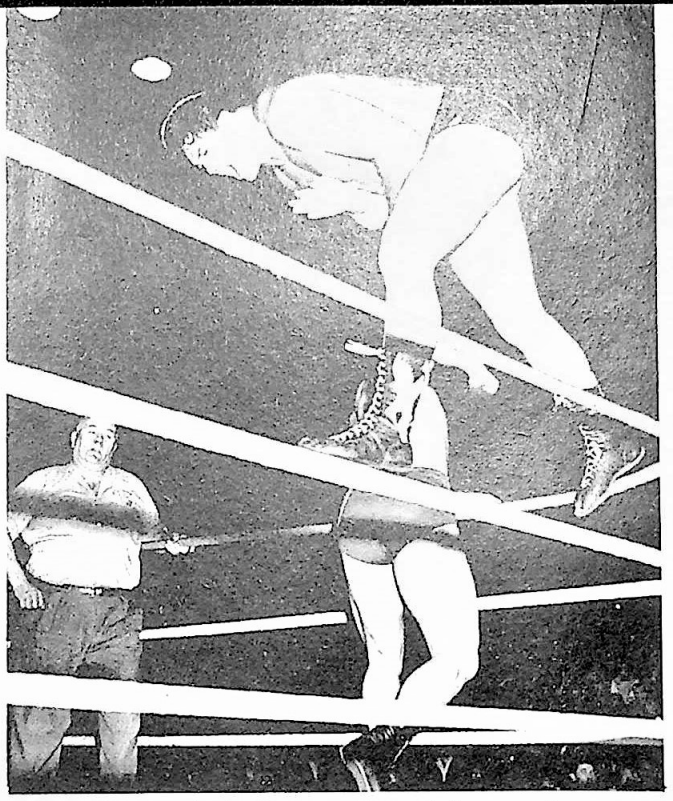
"Sure," said Don, "—only the way I do it now, I'll live longer. This business takes a lot out of you. I don't want it to take any more out of me than absolutely necessary." He looked straight at us. "Remember—I don't ask for mercy from my opponents, either! If they want to play rough, that's all right too. If I can get to them before they get to me, that's their hard luck. This is a *man's* game—and I believe in playing it like a man."

We left him. He didn't say good-bye or offer his hand. What, we wondered, could have happened to change him so? We did a little behind-the-scenes investigating.

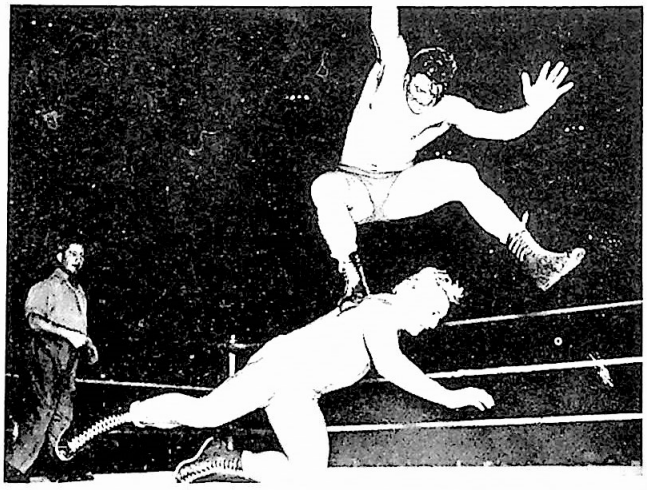
Nothing had changed. Nothing on the surface, anyway. Jonathan is still married to the same very charming girl, and there's no new trouble in his life. His income is



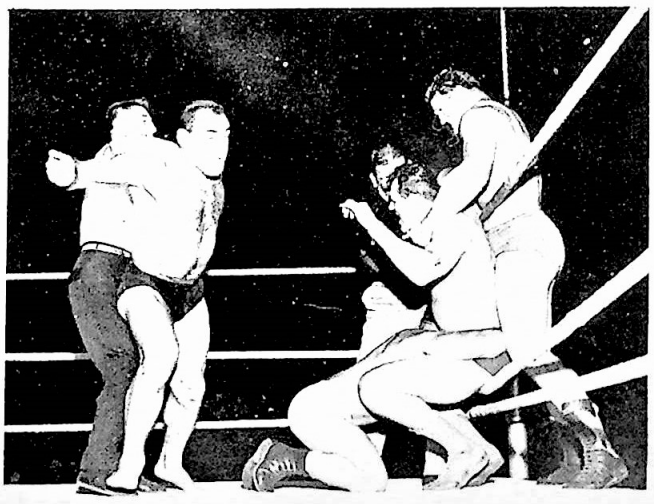
Claude Dassary, in ring to be introduced, vents rage on old enemy by tossing Jonathan into air.



Don Leo looks like unguided missile as agile Pat O'Connor avoids murderous rope-top leap.



Jonathan gets ready to crash his 300-pound bulk on back of groggy Buddy Rogers in brutal match.



Jonathan, right, tries to protect partner Kowalski from enraged Rocca, left, and Ed Carpentier, down.

astronomical, as usual, and there are no evidences that his future is getting black. What, then, could be the reason for a once nice guy going so bad?

It took a long time, but we think we have the answer; it seems to us that this is a temporary phase, for Don Leo Jonathan. A psychoanalyst might put it this way: Somewhere along the line, Don Leo Jonathan missed out on a phase of his life—an essential phase that usually comes when you're in your early twenties or late teens. That's the time when you "know-it-all" and think you're a real hotshot. Your friends can't stand you and your parents want to disown you. You can be meaner than you've ever been, and you have a tendency to hurt the people you like most.

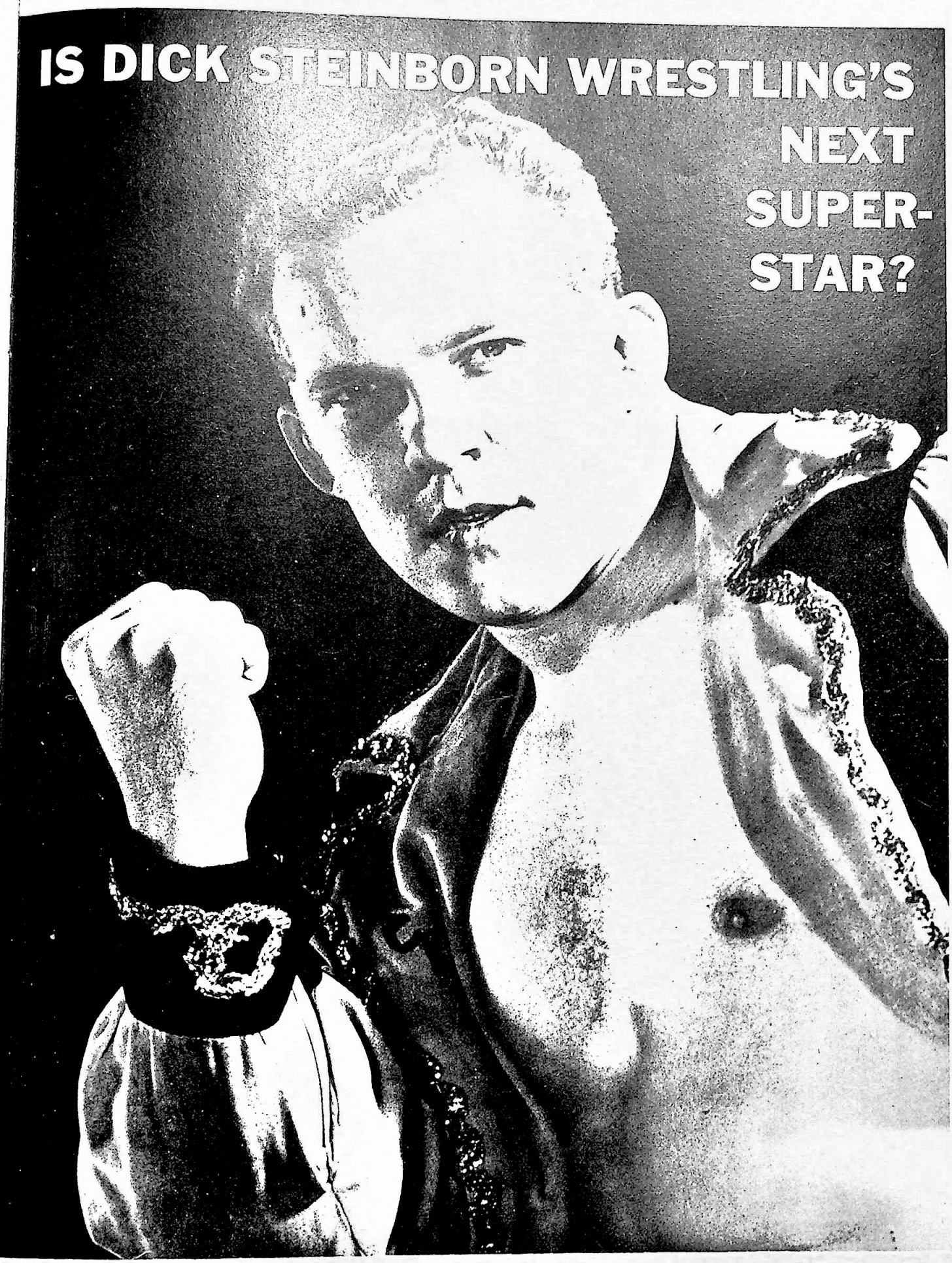
It affects different people in different ways. Some can control it—or hide it until it's over. Some show it—making their families and acquaintances wonder what happened all of a sudden.

Don Leo Jonathan, according to our information, never went through such a phase. He was always an amiable, genial guy who liked everybody and vice versa. Now, in his early thirties, he has been affected by this latent phase. Because he happens to be a wrestler—and a rough one—this psychological nip-up he's suffering is doubly brutal. It is giving him a reputation that he doesn't really deserve.

It will pass. It will end as suddenly as it came, and Don Leo Jonathan will again be the kind of decent guy we once knew.

At least, we hope so. If we're wrong, we hate to think of what is in store for the wrestling public—and to Don Leo Jonathan's future opponents. • *end*

IS DICK STEINBORN WRESTLING'S NEXT SUPER-STAR?

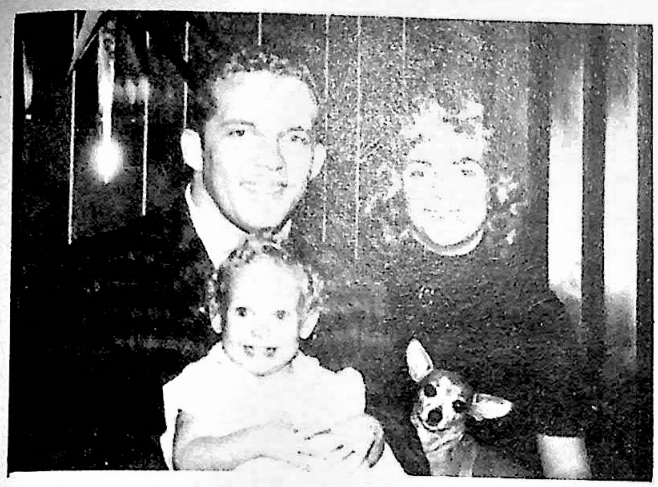


BY HAL HENNESSEY

Not since young, dashing Verne Gagne first set the mat sport afire almost two decades ago has there been a wrestler as naturally gifted as Dick.

Dick scans copy of BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS magazine during lull in interview with author Hal Hennesey.

Dick is extremely agile and years of rigid, carefully supervised training have given him perfect control of his powerful body. Here he dropkicks tough Mike DiBiase in Texas bout.



Dick, holding daughter, Candy, eleven months, poses for WRESTLING REVUE photographer with wife, Carol, in Jersey home.

ONE OF THE GREAT wrestlers of all time, Milo Steinborn, was engaged in the toughest bout of his life. The muscular blonde youth who faced him was forty years younger than the old grappler, yet on the face of each was the same grim look of determination, the same will to win. There was only one witness to this important match, and he later considered it to be the most thrilling he ever saw.

The witness, the late Otto Diesther, described the contest thus: "Young Dick wasn't quite eighteen at the time, but he was already a terrific wrestler with eight years of amateur and semi-professional experience behind him and, after all, one of the greatest of them all had been his teacher. As for old Milo, at age 60, he was still a fine figure of a man and stronger than most modern weightlifters. It began earlier that day when Milo asked Dick how good he thought he was. And Dick said, boyishly, 'I think I'm pretty good—good enough to take on most of the guys I've seen on TV.'

"Well, old Milo sort of smiled, but there was a peculiar gleam in his eye. In the afternoon, when the old man and the young one went to the gym for their regular daily workout, Milo said to Dick, 'I want you to wrestle me—*really* wrestle me as though you were up against, say, Verne Gagne, who you like so much. Try to beat me!'

"Young Richard looked at the old man and raised one eyebrow. Milo had never talked to him like that before. Dick said okay and they waited for my signal to begin. It would be just one fall."

At this point, Diesther grinned at the memory of that exciting bout. "They wrestled—ah, how they wrestled! Dick gave a performance that would indeed have defeated a big percentage of the pros. But—he was like a baby in the hands of one of history's strongest men. Milo put a rapid succession of holds on Dick, sliding skillfully from one to another, and leaving him a little weaker each time—and finally putting a punishing headlock on the boy that must have compressed his brains! I asked myself, how can that old man do such a thing to the boy?

"But Dick asked no quarter—nor did he give up, even when he came close to being squeezed unconscious. At last he was upended and pinned with a tortureous step-over toehold. Afterward, Dick just lay there, with Milo standing over him. The boy was completely beaten. And it had taken just seven minutes! That was one of Milo's most important matches, and it was definitely the most important match of Dick's whole life."

When asked about that bout now, 27-year-old Dick Steinborn smiles fondly. "It was a big one, all right. And yet it was a simple lesson that I learned: Never get too big for your britches! There's always someone big enough to hammer you down to size. The lesson is even tougher to take when that someone turns out to be your own father!"

More often than not, a son who must forever live in the shadow of a great father leads an unhappy life. Too much is expected of him, and when he fails to live up to his old man's reputation, he is scorned.

"That," says Dick, "has not happened to me. And for a good reason. My relationship with my father was always a healthy one. He never expected me to compete with him—and so I never felt I had to. I became Richard Steinborn, individualist, which is all Dad ever wanted of me."

The closeness of the relationship is expressed in the sign that hangs outside one of the country's most unique gymnasiums: "Steinborn and Son Health Center," in Orlando, Florida. This is the culmination of two lives devoted to physical culture, clean living and, of course, wrestling. And, no matter how modestly Dick Steinborn states his case, he himself is the culmination of his famous father's hopes and dreams.

The hopes and dreams began with Dick's birth one brisk September day in 1933; they took a giant step forward when, ten years later, the boy took part in his first serious amateur wrestling contest. "Dad was a harsh taskmaster," admits Dick. "He was born and raised in Germany, and his teaching methods were strictly Old Country—no room for sentiment. As a typical American boy, used to being schooled in our more liberal ways, I didn't always see eye to eye with him, even though I appreciated his greatness. But I appreciate those harsh methods now—they cut a lot of corners in the wrestling business for me. I knew things at eighteen that a lot of wrestlers must learn through hard experience."

WRESTLING REVUE learned much of the Dick Steinborn story in arenas from Florida to New England. Our reporters saw him as one of America's most colorful and skillful wrestlers, one of the handsomest and most intellectual. He is a constant threat to anyone claiming the world title—and the only competition to Mark Lewin's claim to being, "The World's Sexiest Wrestler."

"As for that sexy bit," laughs Dick, "—forget it. I mean, tell the girls to forget about me—*please!* Look, I've got a beautiful wife, Carol, and a lovely little daughter, Candy, to give me all the love anybody can possibly want. I admit I enjoy the attention of the fans—male *and* female—but I can't seem to get the idea across that I'm not date bait."

A fellow wrestler tells of a typical example of the Steinborn charm. His sometime tag team partner, Johnny Weaver—a bit of a sex threat himself until he upped and married sexy gal wrestler Penny Banner—laughs about this: "One time in Indianapolis, when Dick and I were billed as the 'Hoosier Hotshots,' we finished a match and were about to go home. Lucky for me, Penny was with us.

(*continuedon page* 69)

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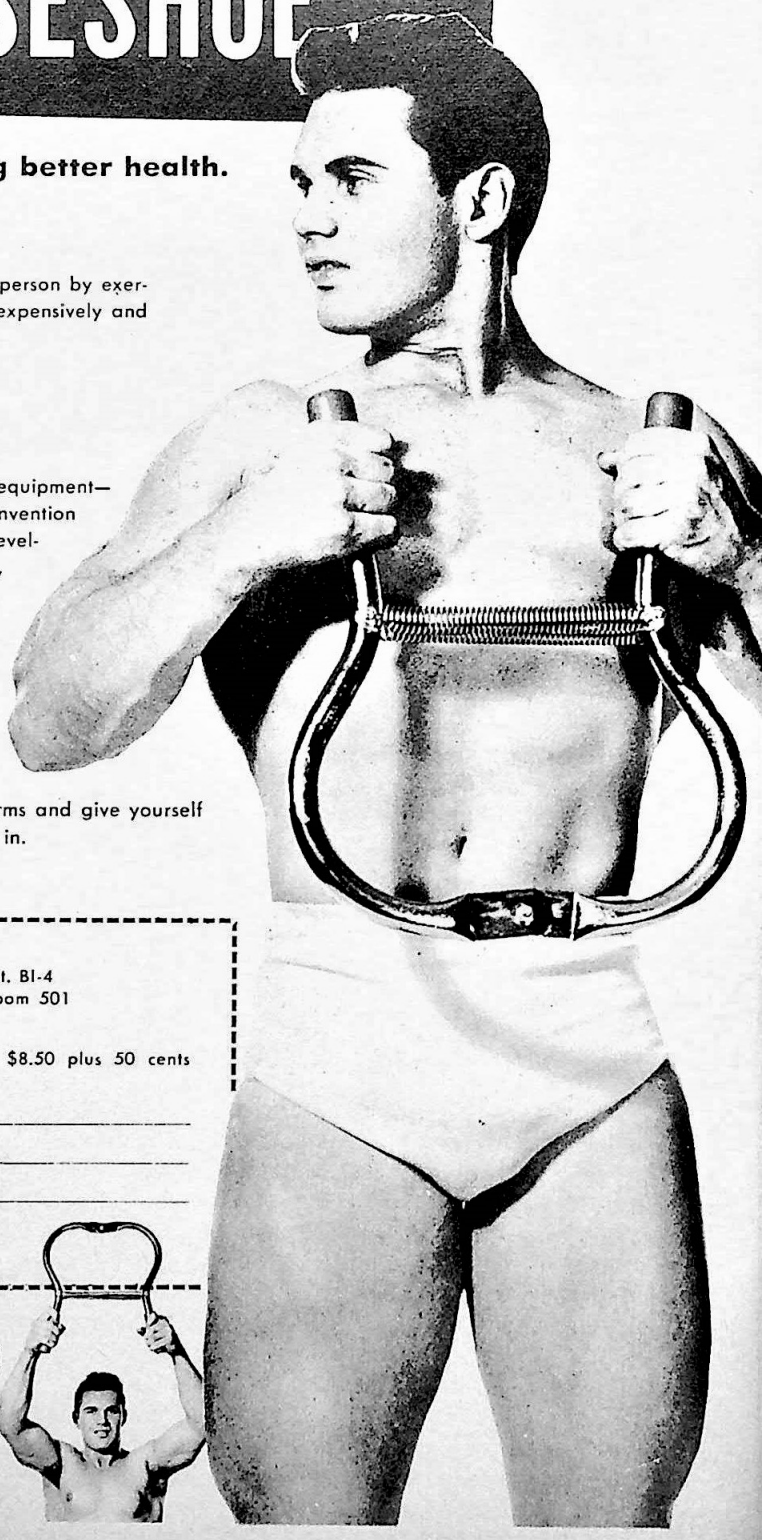

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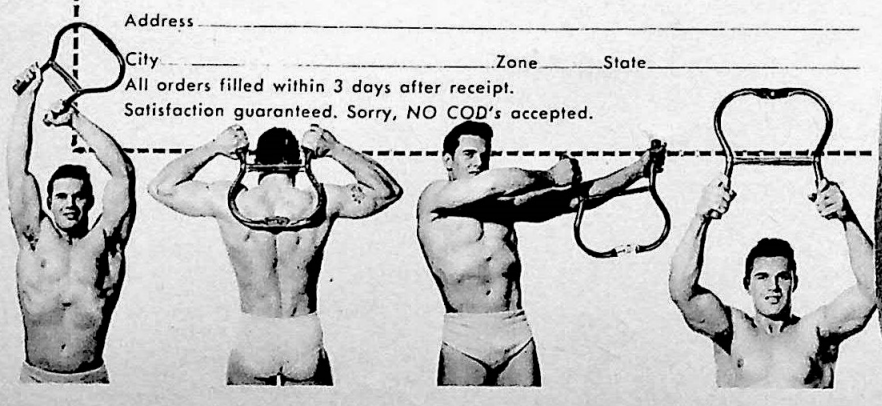

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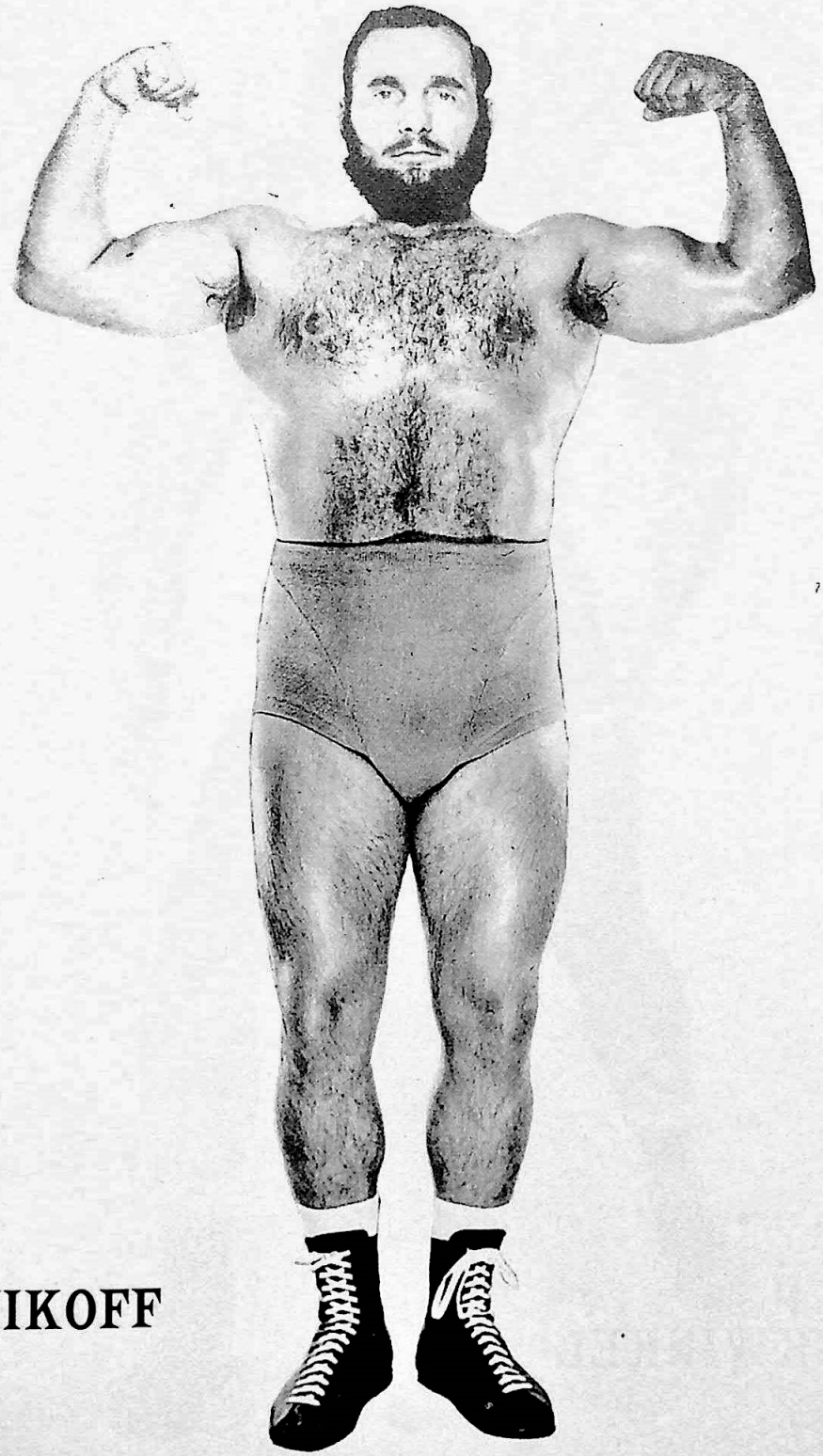

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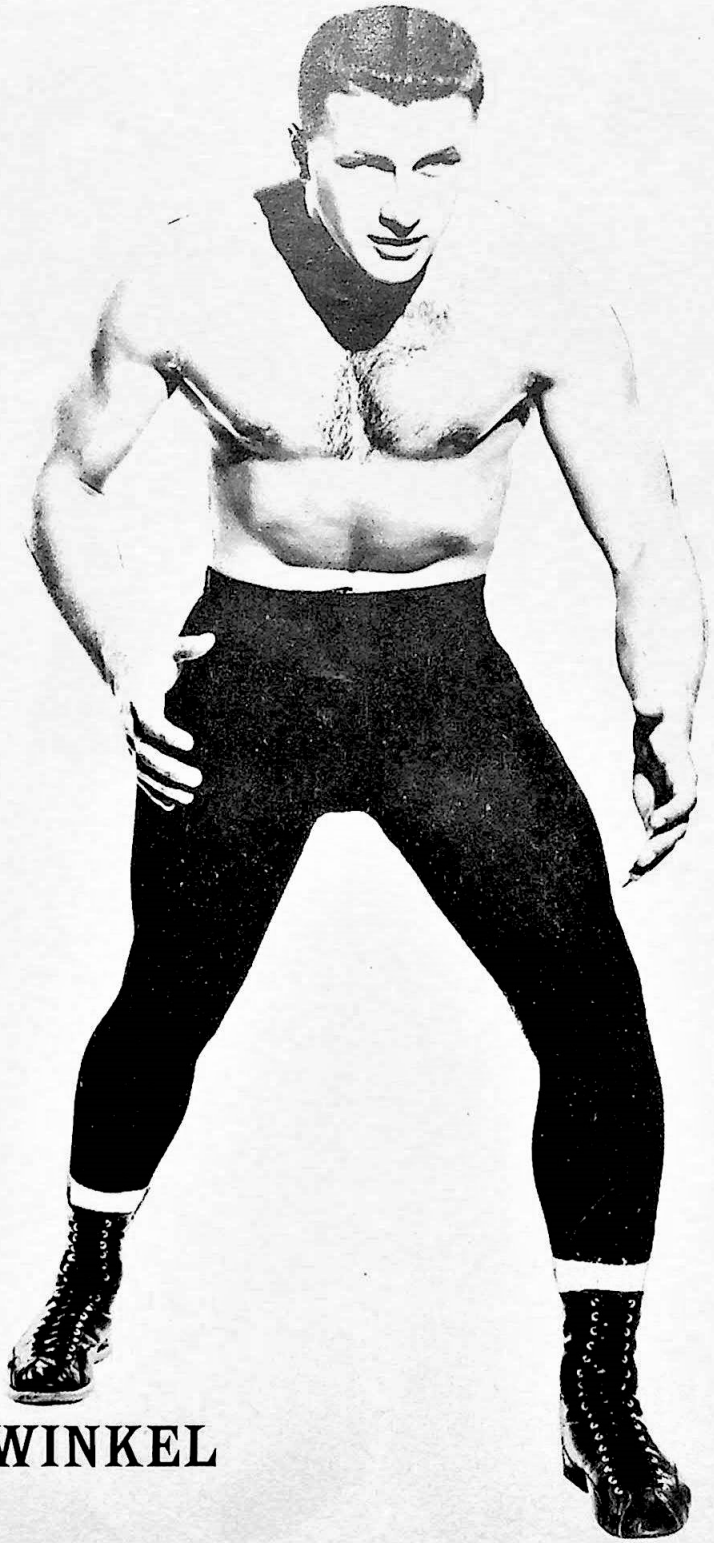

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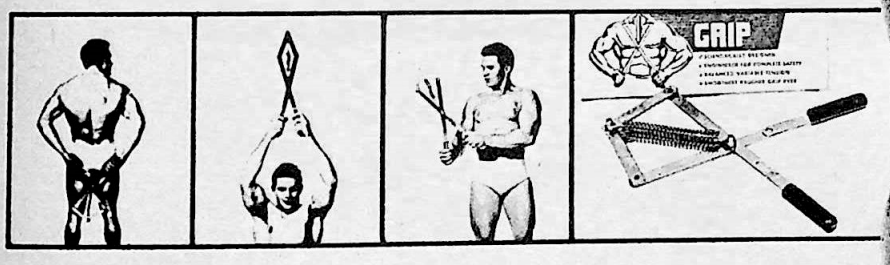

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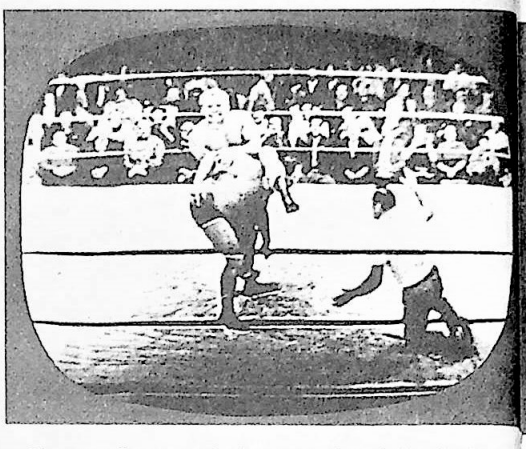
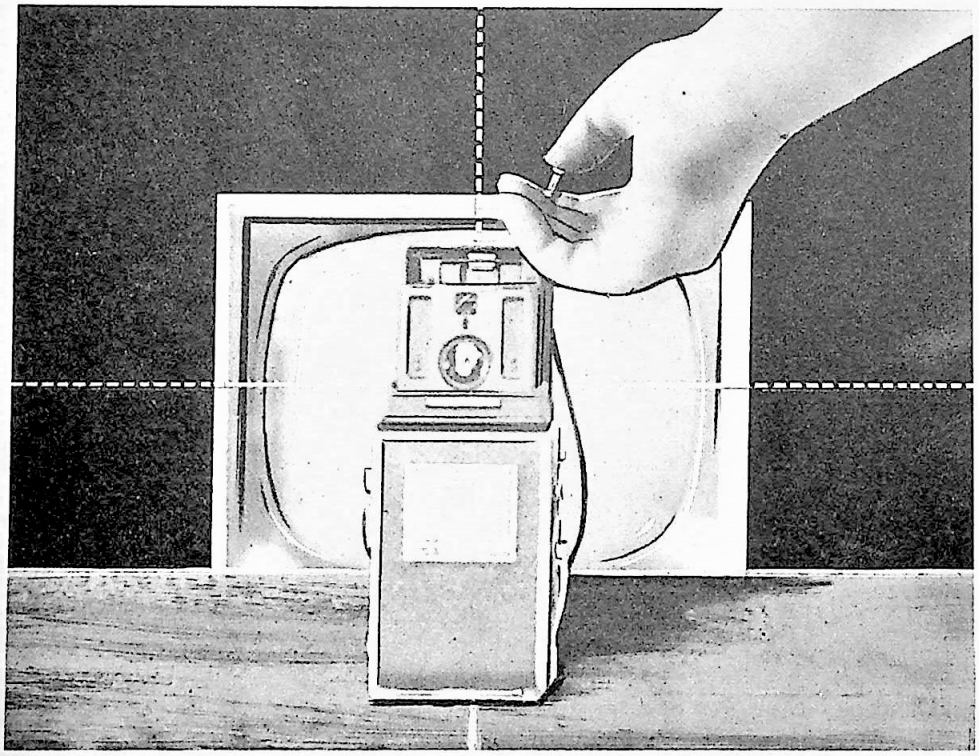


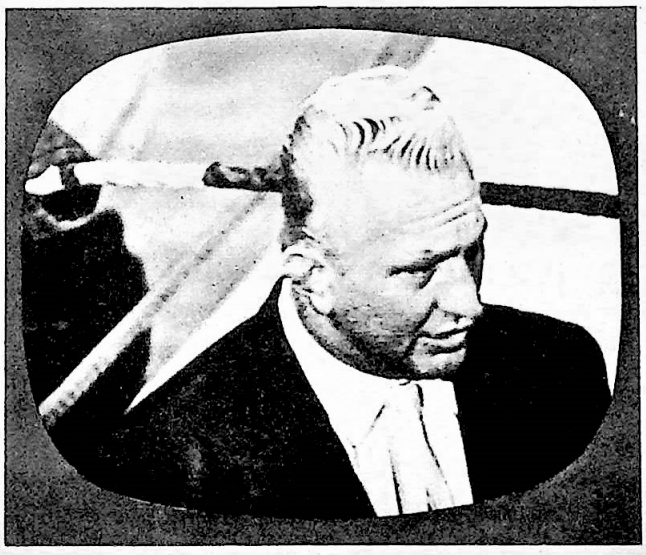
Picture above and those to the right depict action in Dick Steinborn-Herb Larson match.



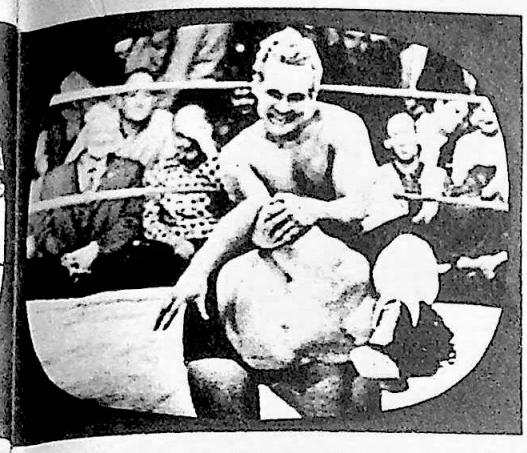
The Facinating

Camera is aligned so that the lens is aimed directly at center of TV screen. Hand holds cable release.

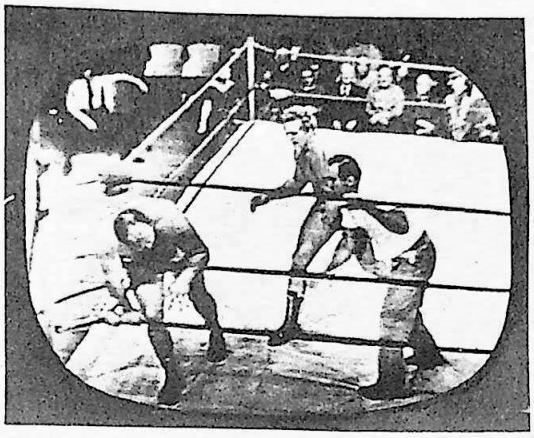
Excellent portrait of Eddie Graham taken during interview with popular announcer Ray Morgan, left.



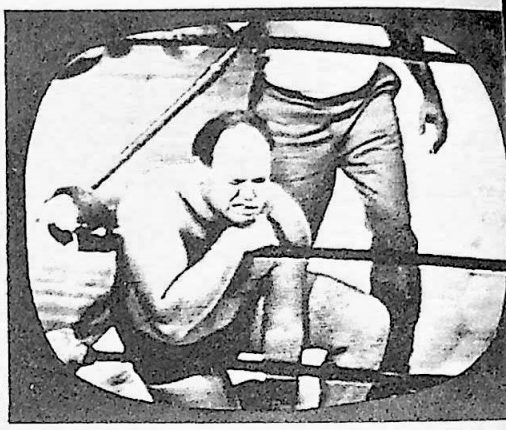
Serious expression shows on Buddy Rogers face as he makes public challenge to Antonino Rocca.



Steinborn has combination hold on Larson. This is a close-up of picture at the left.



Larson ducks through ropes to protect himself against Steinborn's surging attack.



Perfect timing captured this pained expression on Herb Larson's face.

New Hobby of TV Picture-Taking

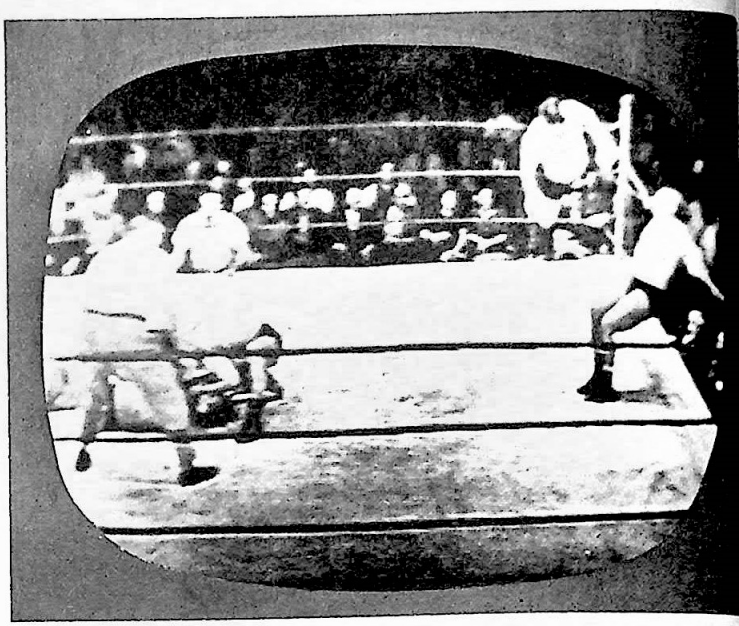
EACH WEEK, MORE AND MORE PEOPLE are discovering the pleasures of a new and fascinating hobby that is sweeping the country—the taking of photographs directly off a television screen. For wrestling fans, who are instinctive picture collectors, the new hobby provides even richer rewards. Just think of it, without leaving your own living room, and in a comparatively short space of time, you can own a collection of not only thrilling action pictures, but delightful candid shots of your favorite mat stars. And since the chances of two people making exactly the same exposures are practically nil, every picture you take will be exclusive.

Mat fans engaging in TV picture-taking find great enjoyment in trading among each other, just as stamp collectors do. But here the photographer has the advantage over the stamp collector. When a stamp is sold or traded, the seller loses possession, but when a picture is traded, all the giver need do is make another print from the original negative, which he retains permanently.

One of the nicest parts about TV picture-taking is that the costs are surprisingly low. No special equipment is necessary, not even a flashbulb, and your camera need not be one of the expensive variety, a simple box camera will do very nicely. As for film, any of the standard fast

Massive George "Bull" Harris of Charlotte, North Carolina, moves out for referee's instructions.

Tough Hans Schmidt is recorded during interview. Fine portraits like this are easy to take off TV.



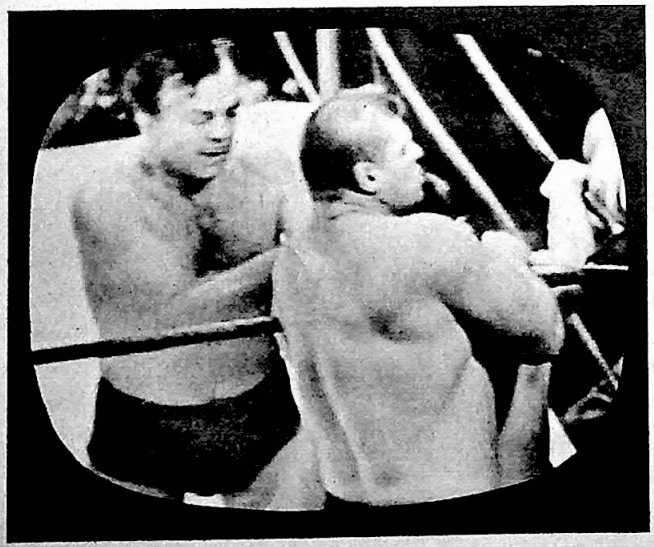
With a little experience you will be able to capture thrilling sequences such as shown above and to the right. . . . . .

Krusher Lisowski, right, is told to watch his language by announcer Ray Morgan after Reggie became abusive.

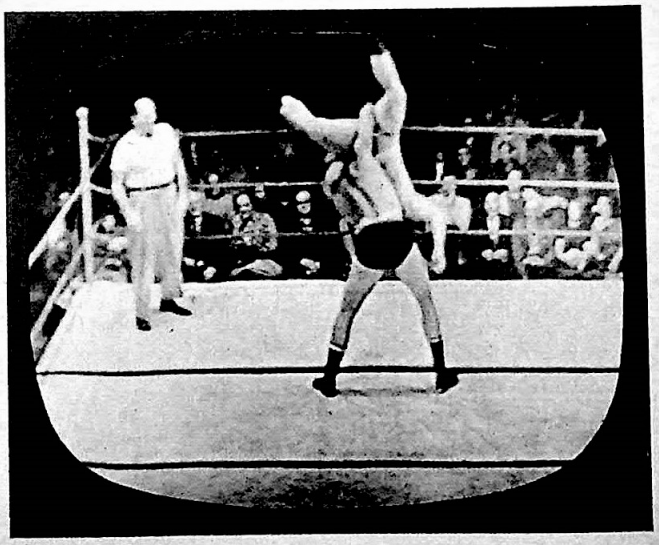
or medium speed type available as your corner drug store is perfect for the job.

First, load your camera with a film rated at about 150 ASA for tungsten light (Kodak Tri-X is ideal). Set the camera up directly in front of your television set so that your lens is aimed at the center of the screen. A tripod will make the job easier, but a chair and books, to raise the camera to the desired height, will do.

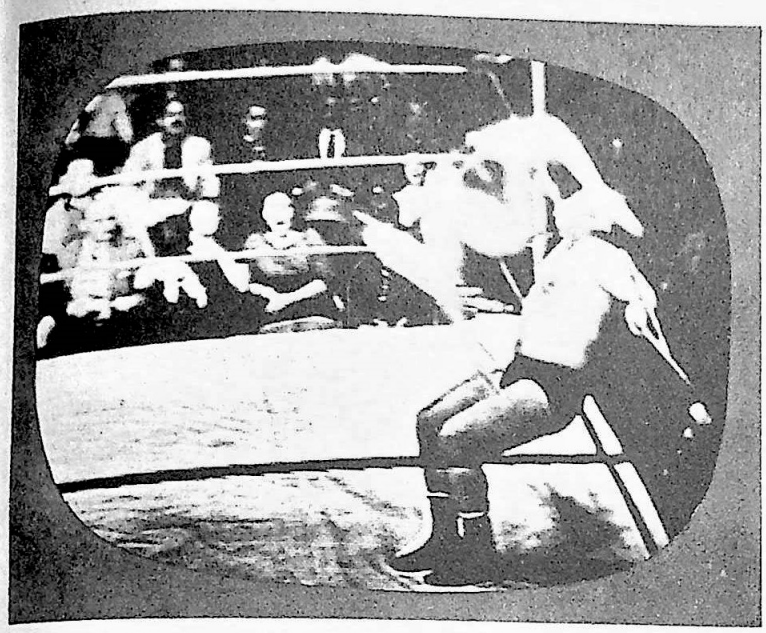
Tune in your television so as to get the best possible picture. Keep the contrast normal, too contrasty or too flat a picture will affect the final results. Turn out all room lights to eliminate any possible reflections, then focus your camera very carefully so as to bring in a sharp image.



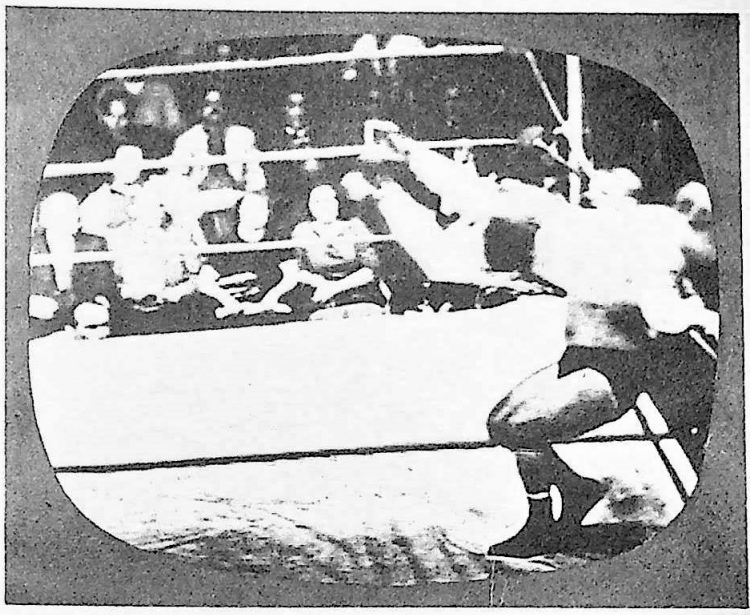
Tag team partners Krusher Lisowski, right, and Danny McShane, left, go to work on one of the Bavarian Boys.



Hans Schmidt executes tremendous body slam on Arnold Skaoland and the camera captures peak action of the scene.



One of the Bavarian Boys is caught in mid-air as he lands with terrific force against the body of Krusher Lisowski.



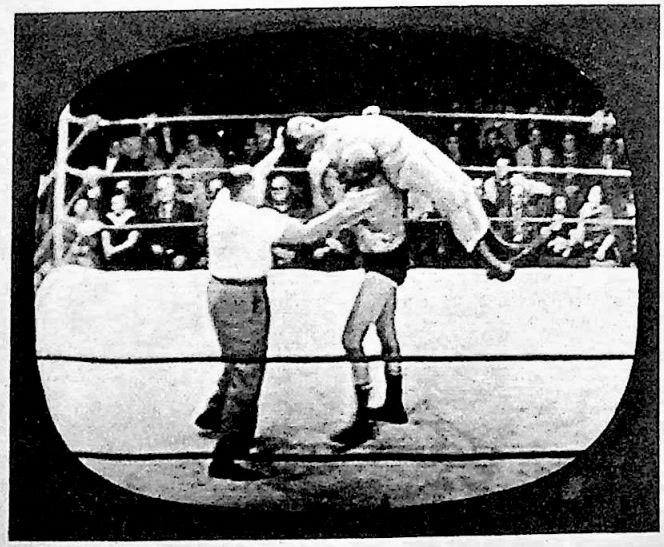
Notice how the picture above, together with those to the left, look like a motion picture when viewed together.

Although a cable release is not a necessity, the use of one will eliminate possible camera movement while making your exposures. Since this is an inexpensive piece of equipment (one can be bought for about a dollar) we recommend you make the investment.

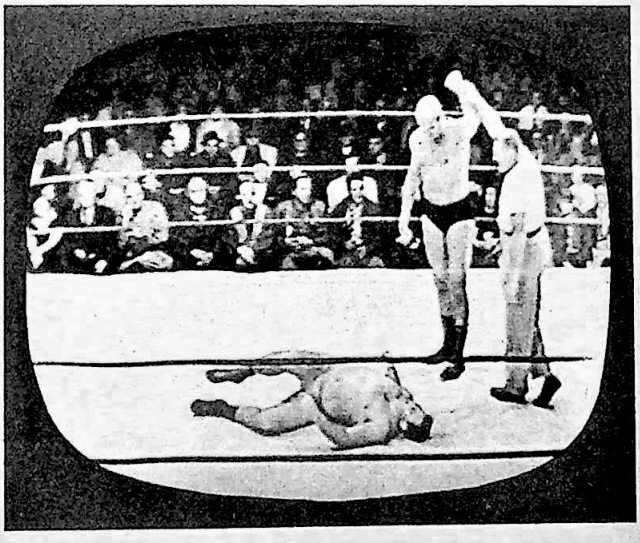
If your camera is equipped with an adjustable lens and controlled speeds, set the lens opening at f/2 and the speed at 1/25 of a second. You are now ready to begin taking pictures. Keep your eyes on the screen and the cable release in your hand ready to make the exposure.

The kind of pictures you get will depend upon your ability to react quickly to the peak action unfolding on your screen. A fraction of a second too late in tripping the shutter and you've lost the picture. Thus TV picture-taking is a challenge to you as well as excellent training for all kinds of photography.

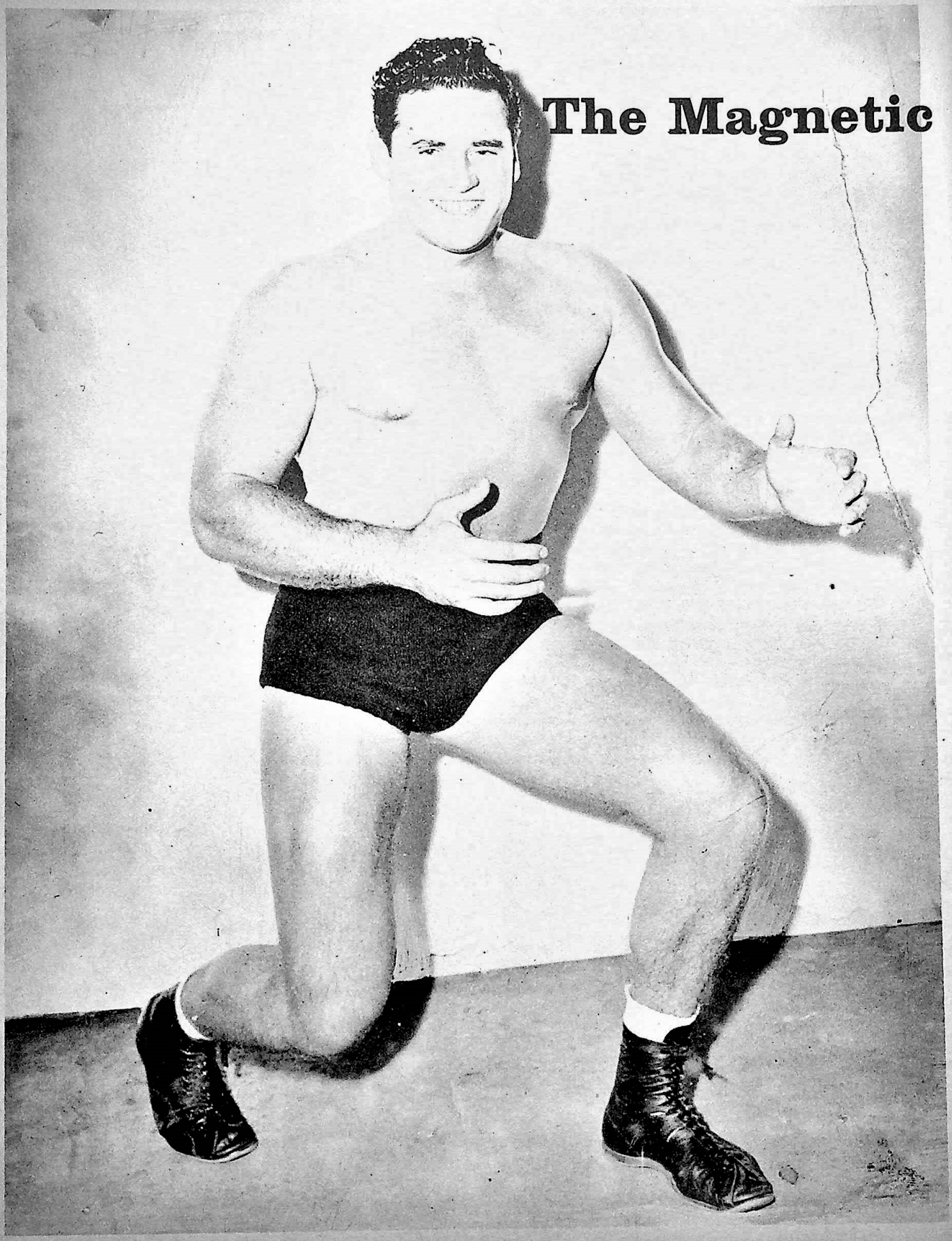
As for processing your film, satisfactory results should be obtained through regular facilities. However, best results are achieved by giving your unexposed film to a custom lab, together with the exposure and subject information. The slight additional cost will be well worth it.



Skaoland, locked in Schmidt's dreaded "Back-Breaker", can no longer stand the pain and gives up.



Schmidt released the strickened Skaoland and let him slide to the floor. Here Hans' hand is raised in victory.


The Magnetic

BY ALLEN RESSLER

Appeal of JOHNNY BAREND

Some stars can wrestle as well if not better than Johnny – and some are even better looking. But no other wrestler can boast such enthusiastic devotion from his fans.

A FEELING OF TENSION gripped the capacity crowd until someone yelled happily, "He's doing the turtle trick!" They rose to their feet as if triggered by a signal and with animated gestures and cheers encouraged their hero on.

Inside the ring was the reason for all this uncontrollable joy. Executing one of the neatest defensive maneuvers in all wrestling was strikingly-handsome, 230-pound Johnny Barend. While his gigantic opponent kicked and cursed at him Johnny, with obvious glee, simply lay on the canvas rolled up like a big ball, his hands gripping his ankles, his head tucked in tightly against his chest. There was nothing his opponent could do but curse and kick at him. Johnny was as safe from harm as if he were locked in the gold vault at Fort Knox. Since the effect is that of a turtle pulled back into its shell, fans have come to call this Barend maneuver "The Turtle Trick."

When the frustrated giant tired of cursing and kicking at his immovable foe, he turned to the crowd for sympathy. What he got was a wild burst of cat-calls and a cigar butt squarely in the face. But that was nothing compared to what he got from Barend when Johnny suddenly unwound and sprang to the attack.

A perfectly-executed dropkick staggered the giant. Another dropped him in his tracks. Barend then moved in quickly and clamped on a painful figure four head scissors. "Quit," Johnny growled, "or I'll tear your head off!"

The referee leaned close to the stricken man and asked the age old question, "How about it? Wanna give up?"

The man indicated, "No!"

Barend increased the pressure, but the giant bravely withstood the frightful pain. Finally the hold was broken when Barend's foe managed to touch the lower rope. Immediately Johnny was at him again. A series of powerful flying tackles set Barend's opponent up for the climactic, victory-yielding Boston Crab. The big man suffered through about thirty seconds of torture before finally submitting.

As the victorious Barend strode down the aisle toward his dressing room an adoring hoard of screaming young females greeted him with such wild enthusiasm that police were forced to step in to avert a riot. However, before the cops succeeded in routing the stampeding girls, Johnny's face was covered with assorted shades of lipstick and only shreds remained of what once had been his expensive robe. And this is but a typical incident in the thrilling life of Johnny Barend.

Why? Perhaps it's because he looks like a movie idol, has an irresistable smile, bulges with muscle and has a charm that enthralls all within range.

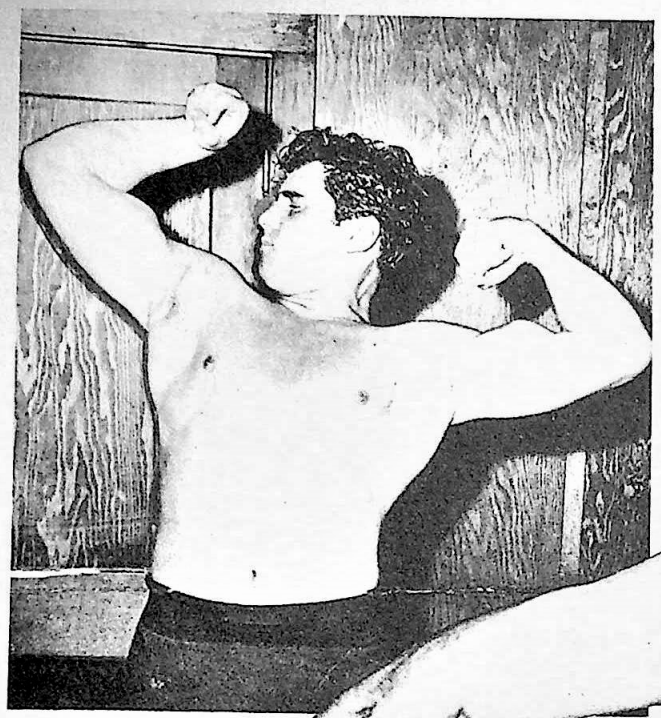
Had it not been for a sudden turn in fate, Johnny might have become an outstanding basketball player or a champion prize fighter instead of one of the world's foremost wrestlers. As a strapping seventeen year old in Rochester, New York, he liked to practice throwing a basketball the full length of the long court. Since he had more than a slight measure of success in sinking baskets from this tremendous distance, it was not surprising that he should come to the attention of the famous Rochester Royals basketball team. After trying him out, the Royals' manager offered Barend a contract. But Johnny turned the offer down.

"I liked basketball," he recalled, "but somehow I knew that it just wasn't in the cards for me to be a professional."

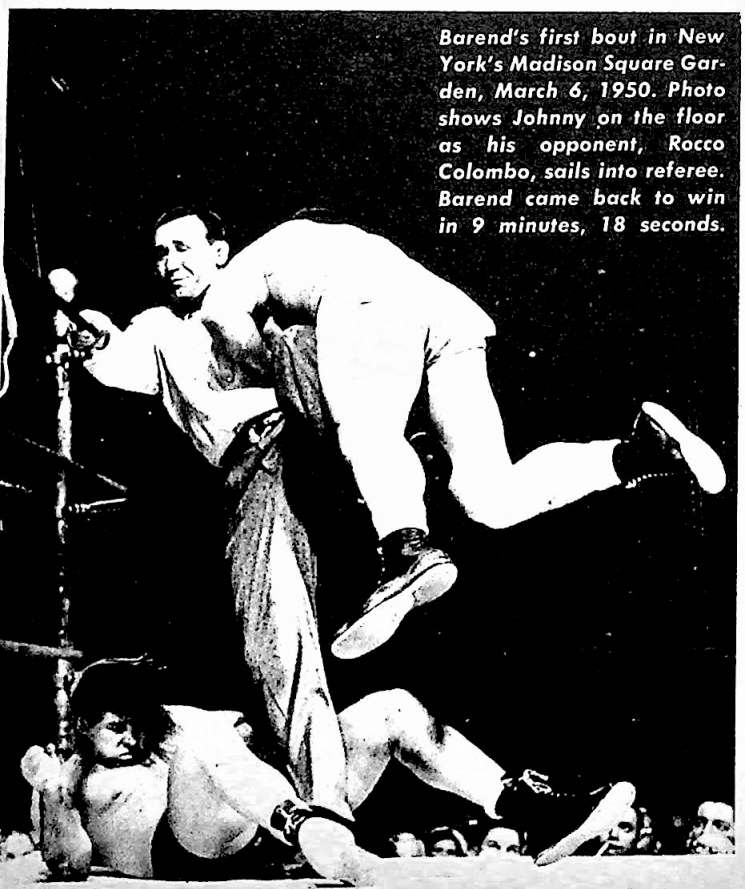
Then there were the anxious boxing promoters who tried to convince the beautifully-built youth that the prize ring offered him international fame and fortune. "All you gotta do, Kid," they said, "is sign right here on this line."

But Johnny Barend wasn't interested. "Those guys talked too fast and promised too much," he said. "I probably could have been talked into trying professional boxing by the right man, a sincere man, I mean."

Everything worked out for the best, however, and Johnny is the first to admit it. "I got interested in ju



Barend as he looked when he first broke into professional wrestling. He disliked this picture, said, "I look like I'm still covered with baby fat."



Barend's first bout in New York's Madison Square Garden, March 6, 1950. Photo shows Johnny on the floor as his opponent, Rocco Colombo, sails into referee. Barend came back to win in 9 minutes, 18 seconds.

Dramatic photo captures anguished look on Barend's blood-smeared face as he struggles to regain balance after being knocked from ring by Johnny Valentine. New York bout ended in draw.

jitsu when I was about eighteen. I was never so fascinated about anything in my whole life as I was with that amazing form of combat."

Barend was so fascinated that he took an 8,000 mile trip from Rochester to Tokyo to learn more. There he was introduced to a more advanced form of the ancient sport called sumo.

"The average Japanese judo wrestler," explained Johnny, "weighs about 300 pounds and words cannot describe his fantastic strength. If you ever take on one of those judo experts I suggest you know what you're doing or you'll wind up in little pieces."

Though Johnny was too modest to bring it up, our research department uncovered the fact that he is one of the very few Americans ever to win an official sumo bout in Japan.

A master of the classic Greaco-Roman style, too, Barend has been thrilling U.S. mat fans since he first broke into wrestling about ten years ago. But it isn't just his skill that draws him to the public heart, it is his natural flair for the spectacular. Just when it appears that Johnny has had it, he unleashes a sudden surprise move that stuns his opponent and overjoys his fans.

When Barend wants to annoy one of his victims he simply allows himself to fall into a hold, then, with the greatest of ease, he spins loose and grins in his astonished foe's face.

Said Gorgeous George: "That kid Barend drives you crazy. He's like a greased pig. Just when you think you've got him licked—wham, he's loose again and you look like a fool."

Johnny Valentine had this to say about Barend: "He's fast, strong and he really knows how to wrestle. You can have him!"

Barend, who once held the U.S. Navy heavyweight wrestling championship, has a tremendous fan club following throughout this country and Canada. It is understandable that 99% of his club members are female. Johnny's fan club is like a well oiled machine. Monthly bulletins are sent out to all members keeping them informed about their hero's current activities. We questioned a few of these enthusiastic club members and came away with some interesting answers to the question, "Why are you a Barend fan."

One lovely young miss from San Francisco said, "Johnny is so handsome that I wanted to, in some way, become part of him. Joining his club was the only way I could do it."

"It is as if I'm his girl," said one starry-eyed teenager from Detroit.

A dark-eyed beauty from New York put it this way: "I sure dig that cat. Those wide shoulders, those white teeth, those dimples. Man!"

But it was left for a middle-aged Tampa woman to sum it up best of all: "To my mind, Johnny is more fascinating than a movie idol. He certainly is every bit as handsome. Call it hero worship if you like, but this boy is truly sensational . . . in and out of the ring."

And so it goes. Barend is popular because of a combination of ability and appeal. With his enormous following he will probably remain one of the top drawing cards for years to come. But such popularity can also have its problems. Said Barend: "Sometimes I feel I'm safer in the ring than out." • *end*

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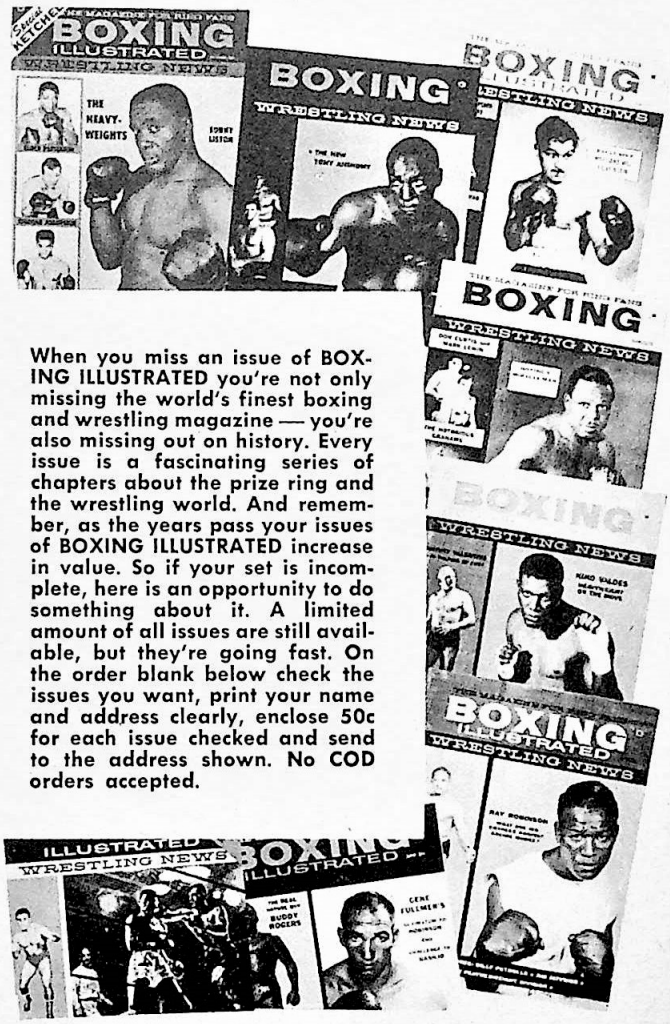

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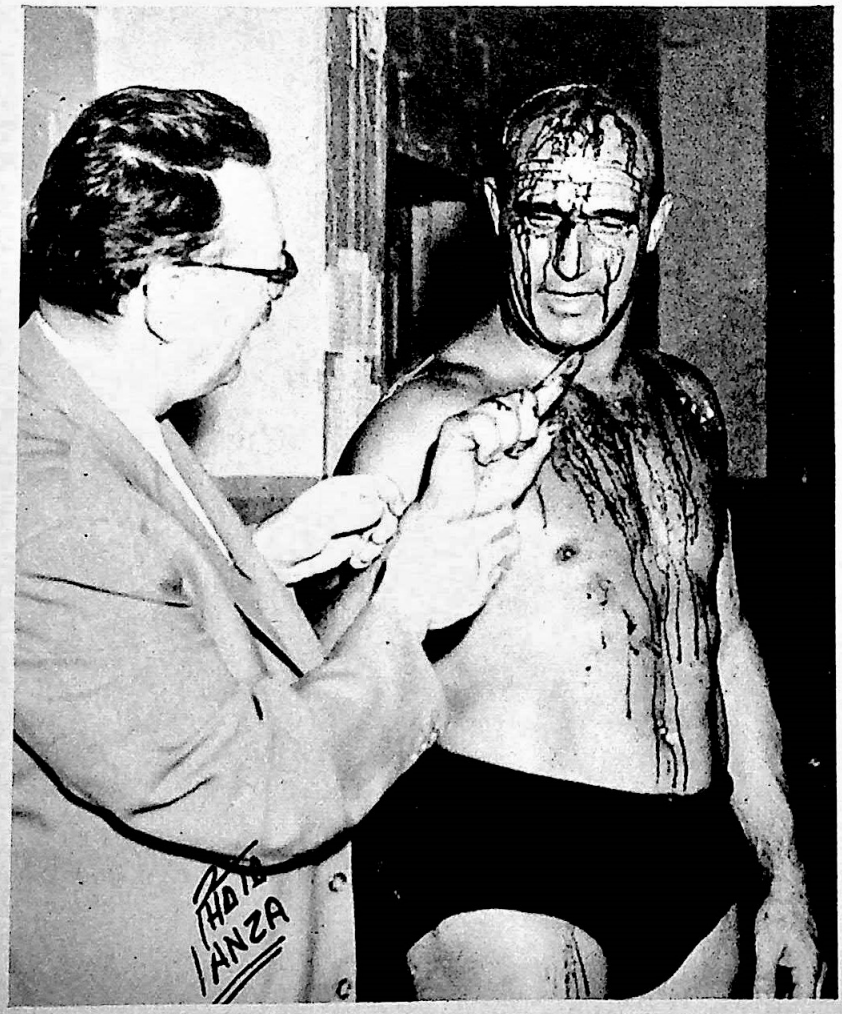
BY JAMES LONGSTREET

What was Hans Schmidt really

A mysterious incident in Tampa Bay gives way to some frightening possibilities



His head and hand badly cut by bottle tossed at him by an aroused fan during bout with Antonino Rocca, Schmidt is examined by doctor.

ON A DESOLATE CORAL reef near Tampa Bay one day last fall, a dramatic incident took place. There, far from the nearest ring and the frenzied cheers, with only the squid and the trigger fish to watch in bulbous-eyed wonder, a popular wrestler came close to killing one of his own kind. Not with a dreaded back-breaker or pile-driver, but with a spear-gun.

Eddie Graham, who lives in Tampa, Florida, was skin-diving far off-shore in about 40 feet of azure water. Watching through a "seeing glass" in Eddie's boat, the *Little Mike*, Cowboy Luttrell, Tampa promoter and friend of the husky blonde, made sure Eddie was not molested by vicious barracuda or sharks that abound in these dangerous waters. The "Cowboy" knew that Graham, although an expert skin diver, is also too courageous for his own good; he sometimes ignores danger if it means getting a shot at a grouper or collecting a rare specimen of coral.

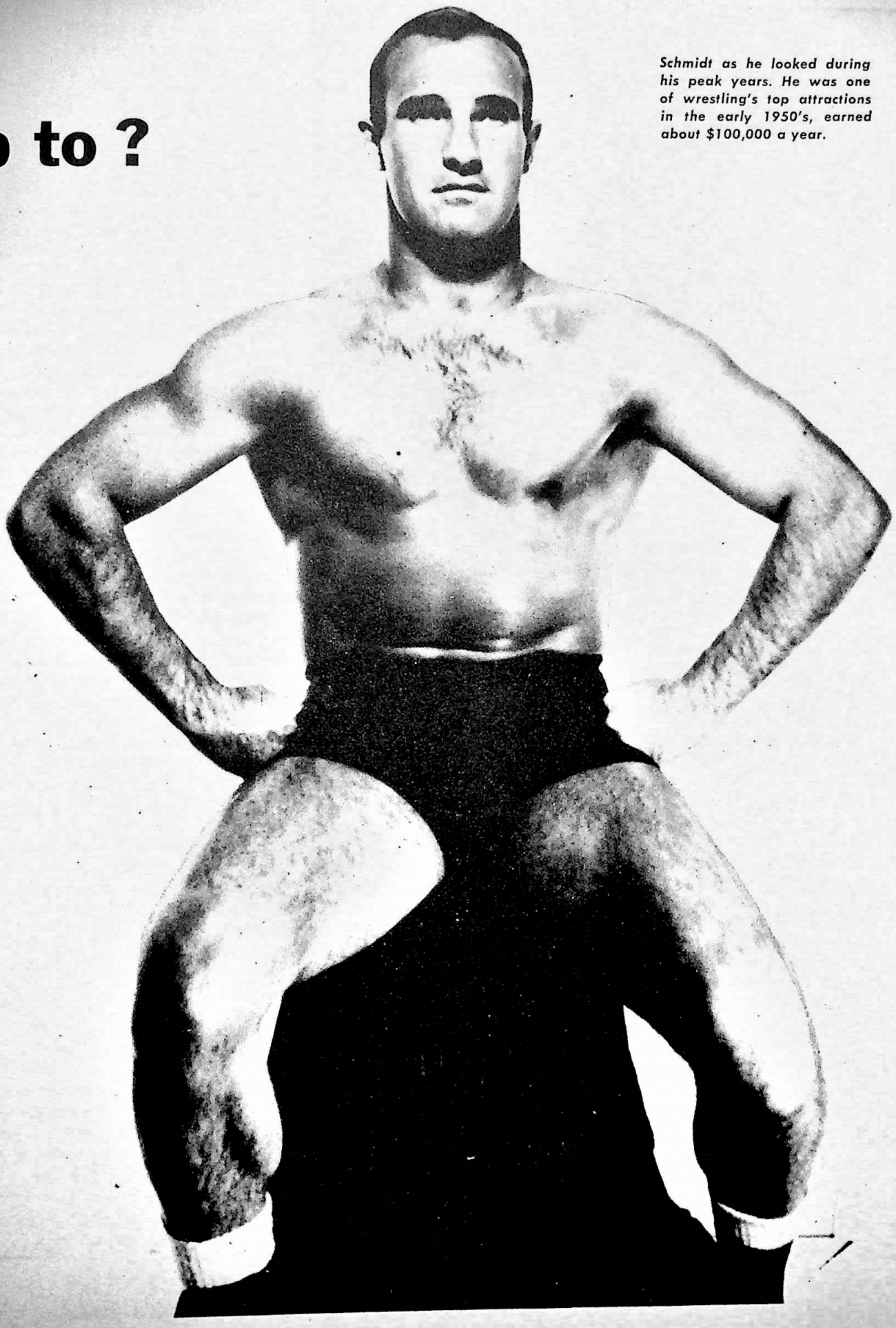
Suddenly a long dark shadow passed beneath the boat and glided toward the unsuspecting diver. Then it disappeared behind a section of reef. *Shark!* thought Luttrell. He raised a long gaff and slapped it hard on the water.

A moment later, Eddie's blonde head broke through the waves and he clambered aboard. His face looked ashen, and his eyes nearly burst from his head. Concerned for his friend, Luttrell asked what was wrong.

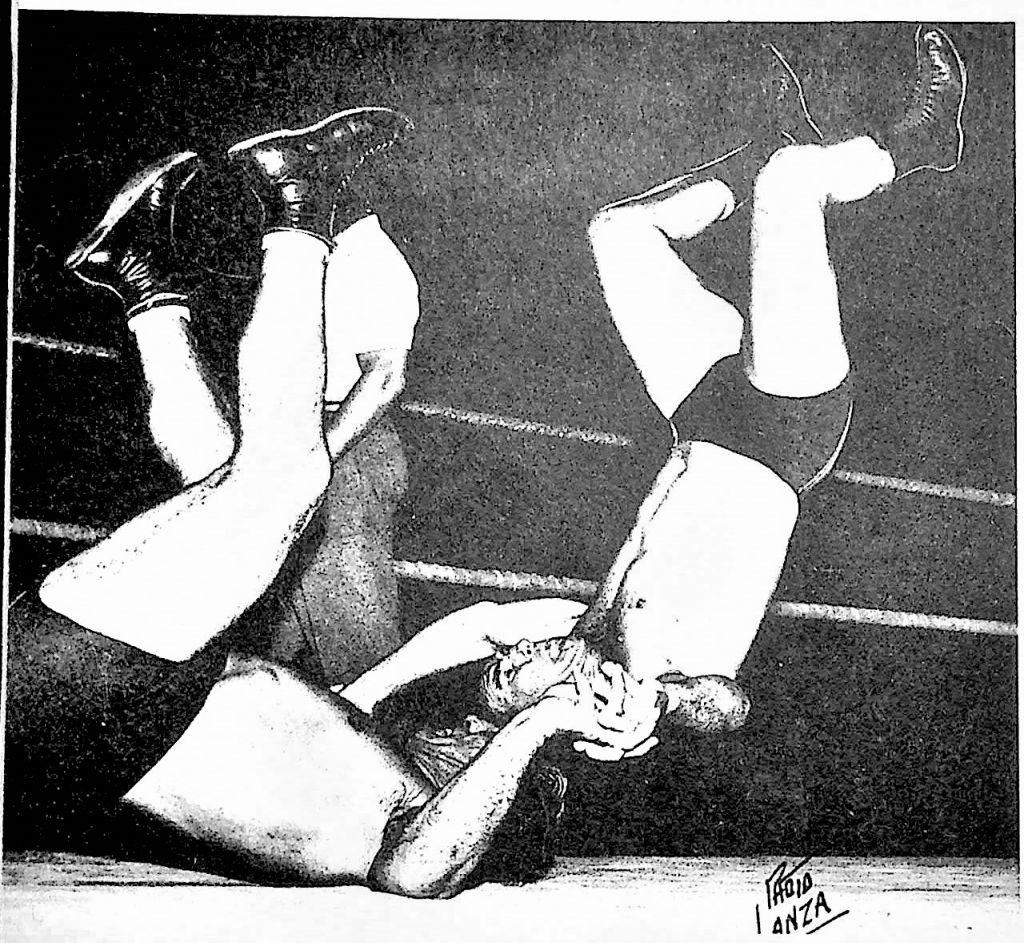
"I'm going crazy!" Graham muttered. I thought I just saw Hans Schmidt swimming below me. It must have been a shark, yet I can swear that I saw Schmidt as plainly as I can see you!"

Luttrell figured that ten years of wrestling the world's toughest pros had at last caught up with Eddie Graham. *(continued on next page)*

up to ?



Schmidt as he looked during his peak years. He was one of wrestling's top attractions in the early 1950's, earned about $100,000 a year.



Schmidt, right, is tossed over on his back by gigantic Primo Carnera during bout at Montreal. But the rugged German came back to pin Carnera with a body press.

"I've got to find out if I'm really off my rocker," murmured Graham, "or if—or if I *really* saw Schmidt." Seizing his loaded spear gun and adjusting his face mask, he leaped back into the water before Luttrell could stop him. Tensely, the Cowboy peered down through the glass into the murky depths. Then his heart leaped as, above and behind Eddie, the long dark shape again materialized. This time Luttrell saw it clearly.

It was the muscular figure of a big man.

Luttrell had seen virtualy every active wrestler at one time or another, and has wrestled against many of them during the past quarter century. He had also wrestled the man who now appeared in the viewing glass twenty feet beneath him.

It was Hans Schmidt, one of wrestling's most savage villains.

Hans Schmidt—with a deadly spear gun cocked in his hand, hovering above the unsuspecting figure of Eddie Graham. And as Luttrell watched, horrified, he recalled a warm Tampa night more than six years earlier. In the Tampa auditorium, the main event of the evening featured Eddie Graham versus Hans Schmidt. It had been a cruel match with a bloody finish and Eddie was the winner.

At that time, Schmidt had been a top wrestling star for about ten years. Hans, in fact, during the first hectic days of the television era, had been one of the biggest attractions in the country. Around Chicago in particular, he was classed with such outstanding stars as Don Eagle, Verne Gagne, Bronco Nagurski, Morris Shapiro (now the Mighty Atlas) and Rudy Kay. His great physique—six-four, 250 pounds—was as well known as that of Joe Louis, and the fearful scowl stamped on his Teutonic features was the source of many a nightmare.

Schmidt's ring style was easy to analyze. It was simply a policy of attack, *attack!*—entirely forgetting the rules. So cruel was Schmidt, so callous and insensitive, that he had sent more than 35 men to the hospital, with a few knocked permanently out of business. He had a back-breaker that was just that—and had resulted in a dozen slipped discs and wrecked lumbar regions. And if you don't have a strong back, you just don't wrestle!

Born in what is now East Germany, Schmidt was brought up in the world of Hitler and taught the Nazi attitude toward men. Unlike his contemporary, Karl von Hess, Schmidt's Nazi tendencies have never been proved—at least he doesn't brag about them. Fact is, he doesn't brag about anything except his hatred of sportsmanship—which he once did over a national TV network, netting 5000 letters of protest. Hans Schmidt just doesn't talk except in hoarse grunts. The citizens of Pompano Beach, Florida, where Schmidt lives with his family, have ostracized him. Probably no athlete is more hated by more people. The Chicago White Sox ball players who perpetrated the infamous "Black Sox" scandal forty years ago were more pitied than hated; so were the basketball game-throwers of the early '50s; Max Schmeling, in defeating Joe Louis, was only an empty figurehead for the despised Hitler; and many of today's leading wrestling villains are scorned and disliked while their showmanship is admired.

But Hans Schmidt is hated with a hatred usually reserved for kidnapers and dictators. Extra police are required to protect his life while he stalks to and from the ring; he must wait, often, for as many as three hours before leaving an arena—to avoid lurking bands of fans resolved to "get him." More than one group of four or five aroused patrons has been arrested at midnight in the vicinity of an auditorium wherein Schmidt sat fuming impatiently. In the possession of the hoodlums have been found knives, razors and broken bottles. On one such occasion, a spokesman for a tough bunch said, "That Schmidt—he's not fit to be on earth. If you cops would lay off *us* and put *him* away, we might be less trouble. When we see him running around loose and making fifty grand a year by hurting people, how do you think we feel? Makes us decide t'hell with it—we might as well break the law, too!"

When a committee of leading citizens heard of this incident, they

signed a petition barring Schmidt from wrestling in that particular midwestern town. However, since Schmidt was within his legal, if not moral, rights, the matter never came to trial.

This was the creature a horrified Cowboy Luttrell now saw silently lurking above his friend Eddie Graham in that cool, green water of Tampa Bay. And Luttrell knew that Schmidt never forgot the humiliation he suffered the night Eddie beat him in the ring.

Now, six years later, it looked as if Schmidt was finally going to get his revenge. Cowboy fought off the crazy thought that Hans would go so far as to commit homicide. But still, Cowboy knew from bitter experience the vengeful nature of the massive German. "Schmidt," Luttrell had often said, "is likely to do anything in a moment of mad passion."

The above thoughts raced through Luttrell's mind in a split second. He knew what he had to do. If Schmidt did have any wrong ideas about Graham, then Eddie was a sitting duck target. Luttrell had to give his friend a fighting chance.

He raised the gaff above his head and smacked it down on the water with all his strength. With a sound like a pistol shot, the gaff burst into a dozen pieces. Luttrell threw it away, seized the viewing glass and peered fearfully into the water.

He saw Schmidt look upward, startled. Then the huge wrestler, his body distorted by the green water, flashed about like an escaping shark, and vanished into the depths. A moment later, Eddie Graham's head broke the surface. He shoved up his face mask.

"I couldn't find him," said Graham, breathing deeply. "Maybe I was seeing things, at that."

Helping Eddie into the boat, Luttrell looked around. A couple of hundred yards away, dancing on the waves, a small cruiser could be seen. He hadn't spotted it before as it had been directly in the rays of the bright sun. Now he saw a figure clamber into the boat. Then it threw spray and darted off down the bay. Luttrell grinned.

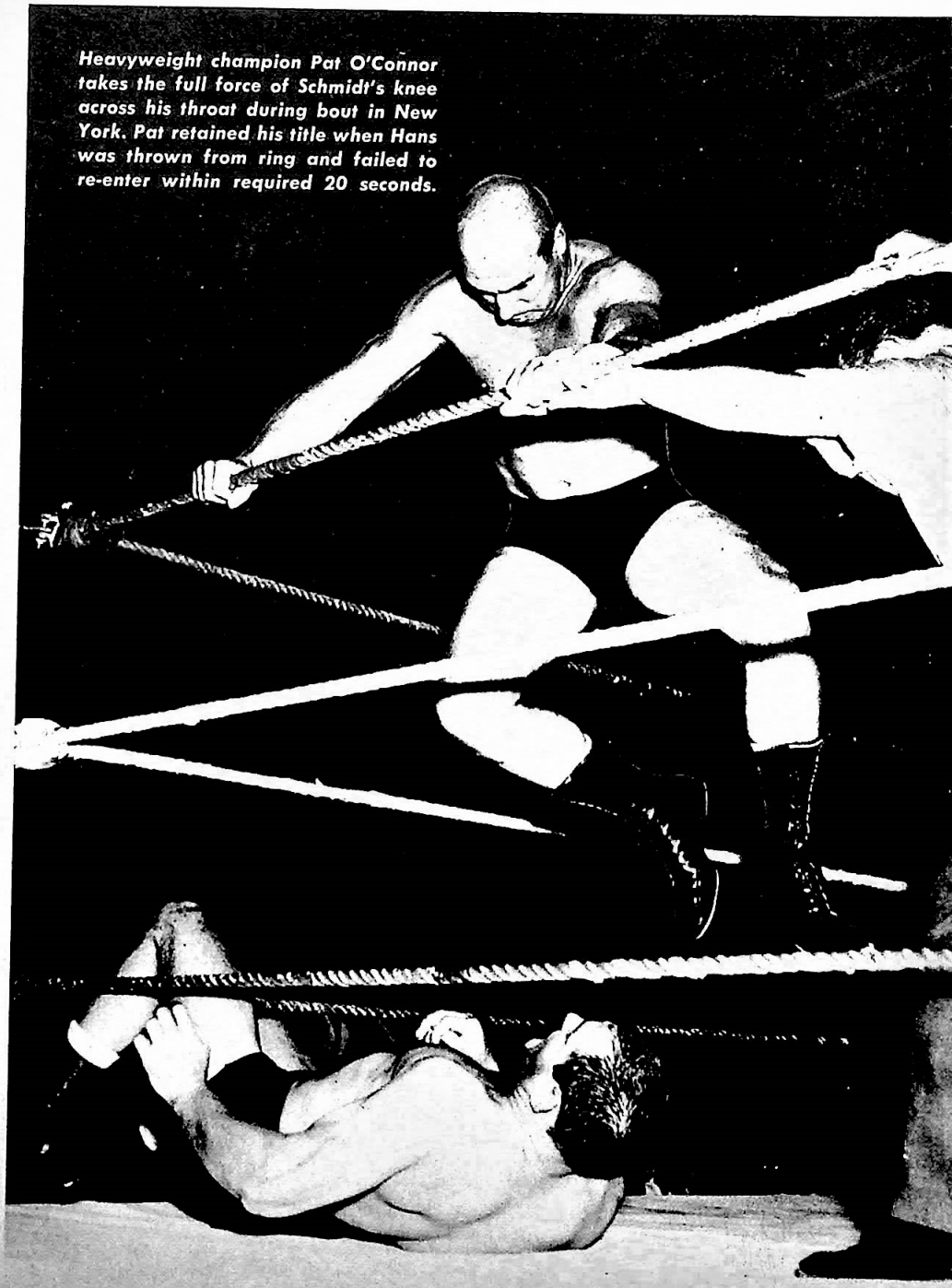
"Well, Eddie," said the Cowboy slowly, "I can tell you the truth. You weren't seeing things. Hans Schmidt *was* down there with you. I saw the whole thing. He swam over while trailing a fish. Then he spotted you—and swam away in a hurry. He must have recognized you."

Eddie looked relieved. "Let's forget it. I'm sure he wasn't up to anything wrong."

Luttrell nodded. "I'm sure of it, too. Let's go home." He started the engine of the *Little Mike*.

Only he wasn't sure. In a letter to WRESTLING REVUE, Luttrell described the episode, as related here. He ended his letter as follows: "I have given a sealed letter to the District Attorney. In it I state that if anything should happen to Eddie Graham in a skin-diving accident involving foul play, Hans Schmidt should be held on suspicion."

As for WRESTLING REVUE, we are keeping out of this highly interesting affair, with the hope that the warning will prove enough. Probably never in the history of sports has such a public notice been published—and yet, for the sake of both Eddie Graham and Hans Schmidt, we feel it is necessary. ● *end*



Heavyweight champion Pat O'Connor takes the full force of Schmidt's knee across his throat during bout in New York. Pat retained his title when Hans was thrown from ring and failed to re-enter within required 20 seconds.

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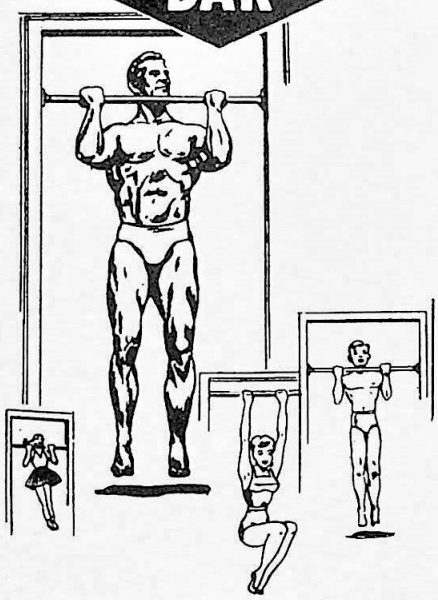

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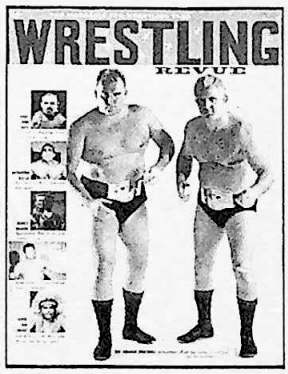

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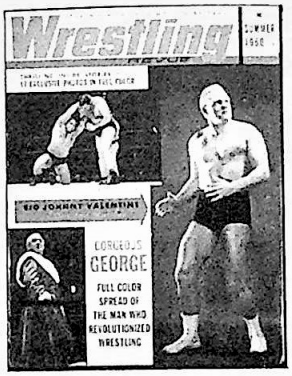

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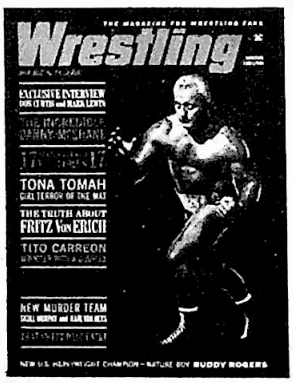

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STEINBORN

(*continued from page* 43)

at the time. The three of us got into the front seat of my car. At that moment, three girls—ages about sixteen to eighteen, got up off the floor in the back of the car! They squealed and squawked and asked Dick for his autograph. We laughed at first, then Dick gave it to them. Then those crazy kids really went to town! They insisted Dick was the sexiest thing they'd ever seen and they wanted a date —one at a time or all together; they agreed to draw straws if necessary. And, believe me, they didn't just mean a date at the corner drug store! Because of Penny, naturally, they didn't bother me. Maybe they wouldn't have anyway —although I can dream, can't I?

"Well, Dick was very worried about it. He's a decent guy, you know. He told the kids all about his wife and baby and gave them some advice that their parents should have given them long ago. My Penny backed him up all the way. Well, when those three girls got out of the car a half hour later, after I'd driven all over Indianapolis, they knew a little more about life than before. I hope it did them some good."

Dick adds, "I'm no preacher and I don't believe in giving unwanted advice. But I remember the way my father always talked to me and, knowing that good fatherly advice is rare these days, I sometimes try to pass on what I learned from him." Of course, I can only talk like that to girls or young teenagers. I look too young to be taken seriously by anybody over nineteen!"

Nothing could be truer. Dick looks no older than 22. Seventeen years of amateur and professional wrestling —about 1500 bouts in all—have left virtually no mark on his face, except for a few scars where the likes of Skull Murphy or Karl Von Hess drove him into ring posts or slugged him with chairs. Dick Steinborn's is the face of a happy man, unlined by worry or fear. This too is part of the legacy old Milo Steinborn bequeathed his son.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" Dick asks. "I've got all I ever wanted of life—including a future."

For most men, Dick Steinborn's present would be future enough. With an income nudging fifty thousand dollars a year, and growing; with a lovely family (and growing); with a rich business waiting for him in Florida (he plans to take full charge of the gym when Milo retires)—Dick's cup is full. Yet he is not satisfied.

"There's a lot more to life than success," he tells us—and here that intellect we mentioned comes to the fore. "Material success, I mean. Sure, I've got money, position-in-the-community and all that goes with it, the family and a certain future. Great! But do you know what else I want?" He doesn't crack a smile as he answers his own question. "I want to be the world's best fly fisherman, a top photographer and a good portrait artist."

The tendency is to ask him if he'd also like to split an atom, build a space ship and discover a wonder drug. But then you look at his clear blue eyes and think of his record—and you realize that here is a man who gets what he goes after. You ask to see some of his fly-tying, his photography and paintings. You drive with him out to a New Jersey trailer camp where, while working in the New York area, he lives with his family in a luxuriously appointed home on wheels.

"Fly fishing was a challenge to me," host Steinborn declares as he displays some excellent samples of the fly-tyers art. "Anybody can troll or spin cast, but only a true angler likes, or can do, fly fishing."

The photography is good also, and the paintings show rich talent.

"I can enjoy the full life," Dick admits, "because Carol enjoys it also. We have plenty in common—including, of all things, fishing. When you find yourself a woman who really *likes* to fish, and not just to please you, you'd better marry her! It can change your whole life."

Getting down to the business of wrestling, we asked Dick the usual questions that are so important to knowing a person in this tough profession.

"Who was your roughest opponent?"

"Verne Gagne. When I was a kid, Verne was my idol. I liked his style and his class. In the late forties we worked out together and he helped round out my own style. My father taught me strictly defensive, scientific wrestling. At the time I didn't appreciate it. But when it came time to apply those principles in the ring, I discovered that defensive tactics must be mixed with today's modern brutal, aggressive style. I found myself holding many an experienced wrestler to a draw—even when I couldn't beat him. If I hadn't been expert at defense, I'd have lost often.

"But," continued the pupil of a defensive master, "Gagne taught me a lot about the *offensive* style that, as soon as I was able to use it, caused me to win instead of just draw."

Steinborn has often been asked why he has no special style—how he manages to look different each time he wrestles. It is confusing, many fans claim.

Dick answers frankly. "I conform my style to most effectively counter the style of the man I'm wrestling. If it takes a crouching, hard-hitting approach to whip Krusher Lisowski, I shift into it soon after the match begins. It may confuse the fans, but I guarantee it confuses Lisowski, too! The next week, if I happen to be facing Skull Murphy, I might use entirely different methods."

In keeping with his superior brain power, Dick treats various wrestling matches like chess games—and he's a very good player. "I try to keep two or three moves ahead of the other man at all times. When I am pretty sure of what he's going to do next, I can arrange a counter move much quicker than if I had to think of it on the spur of the moment."

This view and approach is shared by another member of the family, Dick's half brother, Ray Gunkel, a wrestler whom Dick respects the way he does Verne Gagne.

"When those two get together with Milo, now and then, for a long talk," smiles Carol Steinborn, "it sounds like they were discussing the strategy at the battle of Waterloo instead of just a wrestling match!"

It took a long time to get the Dick Steinborn story. Each time we decided to print it we would learn something new about him, and each new facet in the life of this interesting personality made us more and more aware that here was someone who did not have to live in the shadow of his father. Here was a man who had carved his own life from fresh stone and merely gave an added luster to a great name.

The Steinborn story is not yet finished. Far from it. Watching each future chapter unfold will be a fascinating experience that all wrestling fans can look forward to.

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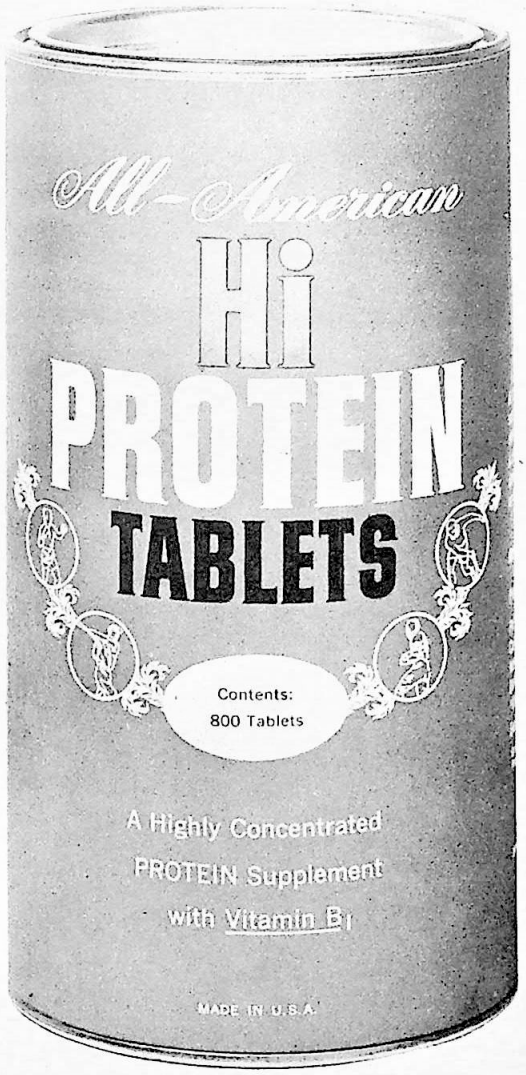

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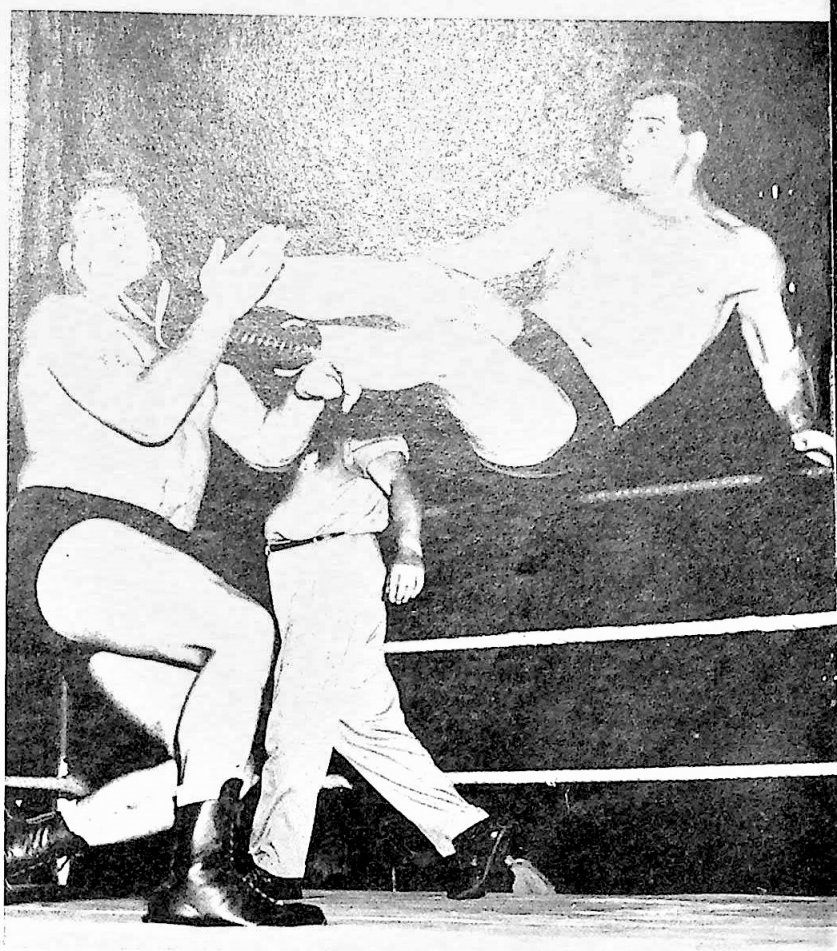

BRILLIANT PAT O'CONNOR, THE CHAMPION, RIGHT

Official WRESTLING RATINGS

A poll of leading promoters, newsmen and the wrestlers themselves guided us in compiling these ratings.

MALE	FEMALE	TAG TEAMS
1 – PAT O'CONNOR	1 – JUNE BYERS	1 – THE KANGAROOS
2 – BUDDY ROGERS	2 – LORRAINE JOHNSON	2 – THE SHIRE BROTHERS
3 – EDOUARD CARPENTIER	3 – JUDY GRABLE	3 – ANTONINO ROCCA & MIGUEL PEREZ
4 – ANTONINO ROCCA	4 – PENNY BANNER	4 – THE BASTIEN BROTHERS
5 – WHIPPER WATSON	5 – CORA COMBS	5 – BEARCAT WRIGHT & SWEET DADDY SIKI
6 – VERNE GAGNE	6 – TONA TOMAH	6 – JOHNNY BAREND & GENE DUBUQUE
7 – BOB ELLIS	7 – ELLA WALDEK	7 – THE SHARPE BROTHERS
8 – KILLER KOWALSKI	8 – BONNIE WATSON	8 – THE GALLAGHER BROTHERS
9 – GENE KINISKI	9 – KATHY STARR	9 – THE KALMIKOFF BROTHERS
10 – DICK HUTTON	10 – ROSE ROMAN	10 – TINY MILLS & STANLEY KOWALSKI

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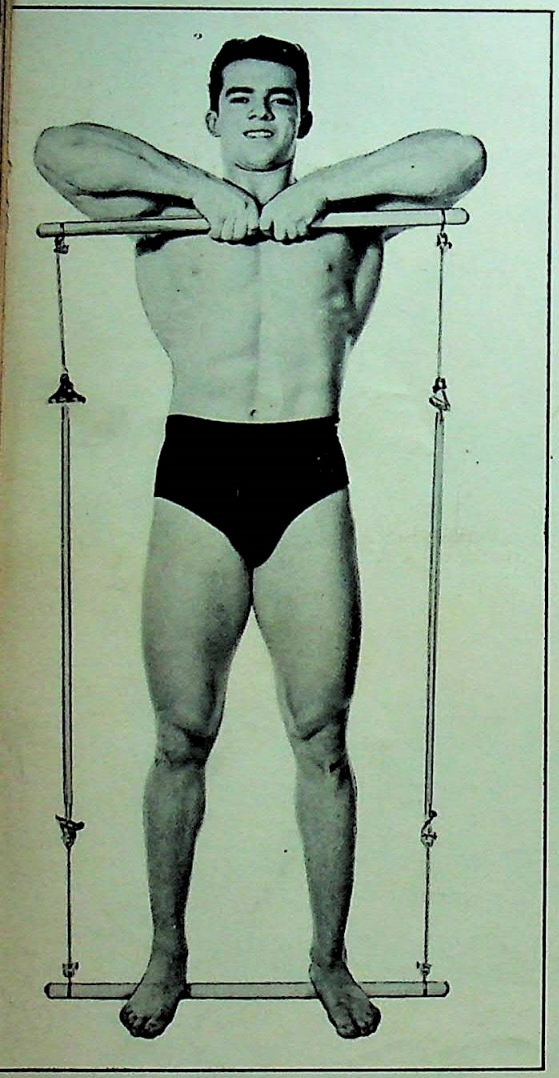

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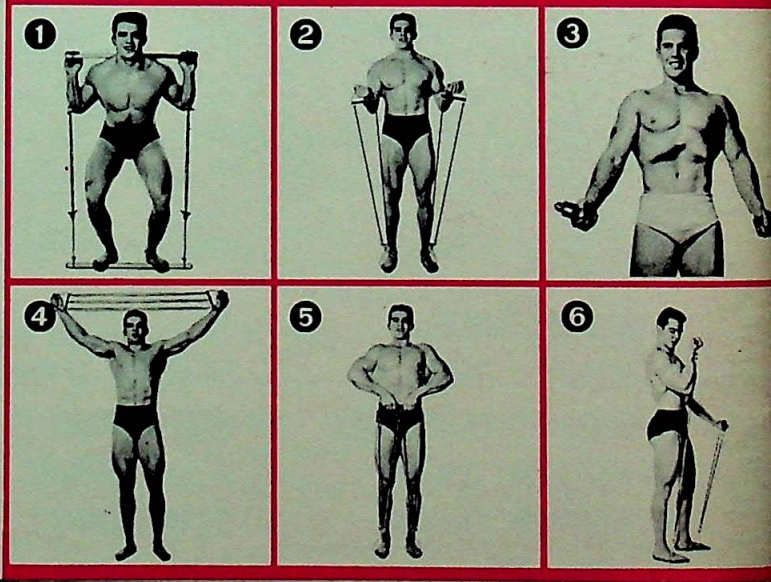

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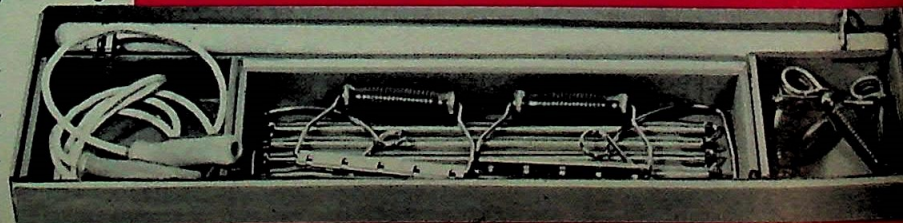

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